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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE King has set a noble example to the country in reducing his Civil List by no less a sum than £50,000—a proportion much nearer a half than the conventional tenth of the total amount. It can be said, quite simply and sincerely, that this is exactly the kind of action that we expect the King to do; and His Majesty's lead in self-sacrifice will be followed, according to individual means and circumstances, by every patriotic citizen.

* * *

Parliament has reassembled in grim and bitter mood. Face to face with realities at last, it is no longer a sham fight, and there seems little disposition to spend time even on the conventional courtesies. Deep differences between Government and Opposition were exposed at once; and if any had expected that Mr. Henderson would merely

hint instead of hit, they soon found they were mistaken. The Government will be attacked all the time and all along the line by Mr. MacDonald's late colleagues.

What success Mr. Henderson will have in this new rôle remains to be seen. As a speaker, of course, he is not in the same class as Messrs. MacDonald and Snowden; heavy, portentous, and platitudinous in matter and manner, he is unlikely to be effective in the cut-and-thrust of debate. Since Mr. Clynes, his chief colleague, is respected as a man rather than as a leader, it is evident that Mr. Henderson will have to rely more and more on his extreme left wing for the vigorous attack which he obviously desires.

This makes the issue sharp and simple. The Government is not a Coalition, but a temporary cohesion of men who put the national interest above that of any section or party. The Opposition is

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definitely Socialist, definitely sectional, and definitely determined to oppose economy and a balanced Budget.

It would be a great mistake, in my opinion, to underrate their strength on the ground that they are inferior in argument or calibre to the Government. They are; but they can and will appeal to prejudice, and they will stick at little in the shape of throwing mud at the banks, the employers, and the forces that are making for economy and sanity in the State.

The Opposition seem to be reckoning on the fact that if the Government does its duty—as no doubt it will—its measures are bound to be unpopular. Economy wins no votes, but it may easily lose them; and those lost votes the Opposition believes may be had for the asking. We shall see; but at any rate one thing is clear: the next few weeks will test the ability of democracy to judge between good and evil.

* * *

Because Labour's proposals for getting round the economic corner have for the most part been plainly impracticable or obviously inadequate, there has been little inclination to criticize them in detail. One of them, however, requires examination and exposure. "Mobilization of Britain's foreign investments" has a fine sound. But when I asked a Labour candidate what the phrase meant, he admitted ignorance and promised to let me know when he had received his next batch of speakers' notes. Unfortunately I, also, am in the dark, and Mr. Henderson should explain quickly.

Mobilization may, of course, be nothing but an empty word. On the other hand, it is, perhaps, the latest euphemism for confiscation. In the latter case, it would be interesting to hear by what principle of international Socialism an investment in Argentine rails should be treated differently from a holding in the Great Western. Necessity excuses much, but here would be clear violation of the ideal of equality in sacrifice. Besides, as a writer in last week's *Economist Français* observes, our investments abroad are incontestable assets, and to touch them would be a confession that we were at the last gasp.

I met the other evening one of those gentlemen who are known as International Financiers and are unpopular in the world of the T.U.C. He is an elderly man, very quite in his speech, and he can conduct the most complicated business in the world, "arbitrage," without losing nerve or making mistakes, handling millions as though they were counters in a game. His hobby is his picture gallery, his personal expenditure negligible. "I would like the T.U.C. to tell us," he said gently, "how they propose to control the banking system of the world, the system of which British, American and French banking are just parts. The most these people can do is to create financial chaos. If they had vision, they would realize that what is called international finance depends in the long run on peace and prosperity, just as they do."

I asked him about the economists who support the Opposition view. "I read them with interest," he said. "Your young men who have graduated

at the London School of Economics have something to say, and I follow J. M. Keynes carefully. But remember, please, there is no economist-publicist who has practical experience of banking. In matters of theory they are equipped, of actual day to day practice they know nothing. I compare them with the motor engineer who has learned how to assemble a car and how to take it down and how to detect a fault in the engine by the sound of its running, but at the same time has never taken a high-powered car into traffic and faced the chances of the road."

It is curious that shortly after this conversation I was told by a City man of standing that part of the fall in British securities is due to active trouble between international bankers on the one hand and a very big holder of Government stock, perhaps the biggest private holder in the world. He has a world-wide industry in his control, the shares have fallen badly and an effort is being made to keep him from realizing his vast assets. "But what about quotations?" I enquired, and my friend laughed. "Go on to the Stock Exchange to-day, and try to sell a very large parcel of anything," he said.

* * *

The fact that Britain will now retain the Schneider Trophy for all time will benefit the British aircraft industry throughout the world. It is difficult, at this point, to estimate the actual advantages which will accrue, but it is certain that they will justify the expense to which the nation and private enterprise have been put. Apart from the fact that the race will be no race—merely a speed trial—and the resultant disappointment for the public and the racing team, the non-participation of France and Italy will make little or no difference to the actual effects on trade. Aeronautical research, though never standing still, has received its incentive, and Britain, as the only nation facing the dangers and difficulties of the course, will benefit accordingly.

At the same time I deplore that the English Press has seen fit to cast reproaches at France and Italy for their decision. The matter rested entirely with a few and there is no call for veiled thrusts at the two nations. One regrets that there should be so much disappointment, but it would be well to realize on this side of the Channel that the chagrin on the other side is every bit as intense.

* * *

There was little in the judgment of The Hague Tribunal on the proposed Austro-German Customs Union to recommend the principle of arbitration in international disputes. It may, of course, have been pure coincidence that the representatives of those Powers which took the strongest exception to the scheme held that it was illegal, but to the ordinary layman it looks as if the verdict had been dictated by political rather than purely juridical considerations.

In fact, the whole business was badly bungled from the start, and it reflects no credit on post-war diplomacy. The original announcement of what had been arranged was made in the usual tactless German manner, and set everybody by the ears:

then France shook the mailed fist, which was hardly calculated to make matters better; and finally the proposal was referred to The Hague, but only for an advisory opinion. Now we have this decision, which, to put it mildly, is hardly encouraging.

* * *

If this is typical of the way the world's affairs are to be handled in the future, then we may as well prepare for the next war, for the state of Europe is not such that it can stand many more crises of this nature. The real villains of the piece are, of course, the Foreign Ministers of Germany and Austria, and if those nations have any pride left they will not fail to call them to account. The much-maligned Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns would not have retained Ministers who had made such fools of themselves.

* * *

How long, I wonder, will the Spaniards tolerate the anarchy which the Republic has brought in its train? Not a day goes by without a revolutionary strike, generally accompanied by bloodshed, taking place in some important centre, and the resulting dislocation of business must be enormous. The monarchy, at any rate, kept order, and, although the Liberal mind prefers theoretical liberty to punctual trains and clean streets, I am afraid that my leanings are in the opposite direction.

The truth is that the Republic is governing just as drastically as, and a good deal more inefficiently than, General Primo de Rivera, and the general state of Spain resembles that of the country in the last days of the Parliamentary regime ten years ago. Whether, when the Spaniards tire of these disorders, they will turn to the Bourbons or to a dictator remains to be seen, but in the interval Marseilles and Genoa must be profiting by the continued chaos in Barcelona.

* * *

I am interested to note that a French author has just entered a strong plea for the creation in all the leading States of the world of "historical reservations," that is to say, the setting aside of tracts of land where the life of certain periods shall be recreated. In these reservations no anachronism would be permitted, and both the inhabitants and visitors would have to conform to the costumes and the customs of the age to which they were dedicated.

At first sight this seems an ideal way to teach history, but when one looks a little closer all sorts of difficulties make their appearance. For instance, I wonder how many of us, even Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton, could survive amid the smells and the general lack of sanitation that would characterize the reservation devoted to the Plantagenet period, while I feel sure that Professor Gilbert Murray would not feel quite at home with Aspasia and the other *hetairai* of classical Athens.

Stinks and morals apart, the idea has great possibilities nevertheless, and an afternoon in the arena, in the Roman reservation, with a few hungry lions, would go a long way towards familiarizing our religious leaders with the point

of view of the early Church. Only the feminist would, I fancy, find this reconstruction of the past a little disappointing, unless, of course, a day in the life of Lesbos (adults only admitted) could be portrayed.

* * *

I trust that I have not yet reached the "crusted" stage as a typical club grumbler, but at this time of year I always wonder why clubs must shut for a month for cleaning, and why they cannot, like cats, clean themselves a bit at a time. With vacuum cleaners, and other mechanical contrivances, there surely is no reason now for making such a pother about the annual wash and brush-up, or for sending the members to seek solace in unfamiliar and often uncongenial surroundings.

All this talk about exchanging hospitality is sheer nonsense. Most of us dislike intensely the presence of strangers in our own club, and we do nothing but grumble when we are in other people's. Let half the servants go away for the first fortnight of the month, and the other half for the second, and clean the rooms one at a time, and I will wager that the members of London clubs will be much more bearable in their family circles during August and September than they are at present.

* * *

The proposal to establish a national detective force seems to me an excellent one. There are some cogent arguments against putting all the police in the country under the Home Office, but there can be little objection to the centralization of detective work, and in these days when criminals enjoy so many advantages it should go a long way towards reducing the number of unsolved crimes. I hope that no mistaken feelings of local patriotism will be allowed to stand in the path of so necessary a reform.

* * *

In spite of bad times and lack of money, there seem to be as many people making holiday at the seaside this year as ever. But house-agents and other experts in these matters tell me that in fact there are not, that shorter holidays are the rule, and that seaside entertainers are finding it easier to raise a laugh than a copper.

It is always difficult to judge the size of a crowd of holiday-makers, but some figures in a Hampshire paper give support to the house-agent's story. It appears that in previous years some 19,000 people passed the turnstiles at a pleasure pier on a certain day; this year the number was 16,000. That probably gives a pretty accurate estimate of the general falling-off in the holiday-making business.

This means, I am afraid, that seaside landladies and boarding-house keepers will have a hard winter. This class, one knows, is denounced as harpies by every visitor who is charged extra for the mustard, and no doubt they do open their mouths too wide. But the business of making enough out of casual visitors in four months to keep you the other eight makes it a precarious occupation, and there are none of what the auditors call (or used to call before the Kysant trial) "hidden reserves" in this trade.

HOW TO SAVE ENGLAND—II

Now the young man said, "Who has brought us to the edge of this pit, whose name is Destruction? Surely it is my father, who is old and blind and feeble."

But the old man, his father, replied, "Not so, my son, for your eyes are good and your limbs are sound, and you can see better than I."

Then the Angel of the Lord spoke and said: "O foolish ones, not your eyes but your desires have led you astray. For you sought wealth, not strength; pleasure, not happiness; ease, not virtue; and because your values were wrong, you have sought false gods, and found them here, on the edge of the pit whose name is Destruction. Turn now and seek the true."—'The New Pilgrim's Progress.'

NOT one but many causes account for the Slough of Despond into which England has fallen. Not one but many remedies have to be applied to pull her out.

First and foremost, and at the back of everything, there has been a perceptible slackening of moral fibre throughout the country.

I

This is due in the main to the fact that, for the first time in history, we are confronted with a crisis of abundance which has altered moral as well as monetary values.

We are faced with over-population, over-production, over-capitalization, and over-expenditure. Of these the first three are results of success in the past; and only the fourth, which is the consequence of that success, is necessarily evil. The first three we have not known how to turn to account; and the very success which gave rise to them, and of which they are the sign and symbol, has turned against us and hit us in our vitals.

For success has brought too great rewards for the fortunate, and failure been made too easy for the unfortunate. The rich have made money without working, the poor have eaten bread without paying. The former has turned to luxury and decadence, the latter to idleness and waste; and the fruits of both have been bitter.

Luxury has now over-reached itself and become vulgar; idleness has lost self-respect and become soft. Now the standard of living demands moral as well as physical values.

The nation must work harder. The spectacle of the Stock Exchange being shut every Saturday, and the long business week-end from Friday lunch to Monday afternoon, has had disastrous effect. These things touch directly only the middle-aged and prosperous. But indirectly, bad example has influenced the young and the poor.

But if men are to work harder they must have incentive to work. The way to the top must be open, free from artificial barriers and the nepotism of business. It is useless for heavy elders to tell youth to be ambitious, and then to thwart youth by closing the road to ambition.

In this connexion, both the trust system and big business have talked humbug and lies. The career open to the talents has proved a career open only to the sons of directors or decayed politicians, and the only career open to the youth without influence has been to become a cog in the wheel of a new commercial bureaucracy.

Here, as in other directions, capital has shown itself both ruthless and timid: ruthless in crushing competition, timid in financing new enterprise. The results lie before us. The trusts are water-logged, but the young man who wants to start a new business finds no backers.

In another respect, capital has shown itself not so much timid as blind. We do not believe the fantastic absurdities in circulation about bankers' ramps, hidden hands, and the sinister influence of international finance. But the truth is grotesque enough: we have lent to Germany, borrowed from France, and now England has to pay the bill. It cannot be sound national economy to finance foreign competitors, and then to seek credits from foreign friends.

II

But this crisis of abundance in physical production has coincided disastrously with a crisis of deficiency in spiritual vision. At best those who should have led the nation have followed the mob; at worst they have turned tail on the ethical standard of their profession.

Our politicians, bewildered by the consequences of their promises, have lost faith in themselves and their catchwords.

Our economists, harassed by the failure of their formulæ, have lost faith in their shibboleths.

Our churches, tortured and distraught by the new knowledge, have lost faith in their doctrines.

And the Press, which at one time aspired to take the place of the pulpit, has pandered to the follies of youth and the futilities of age. It has deified sport and disfranchised sanity; it has glorified luxury and vulgarized love.

We have taken life too easily. The truth is that England has been confronted with new problems, which we have been too lazy to solve. We have tolerated compromise at the expense of principle, with the result that opportunism has conquered opportunity. We have avoided controversy in the interest of peace, with the result that twilight has replaced daylight in debate. And in justification we have advertised ourselves as a nation too proud to think, with the result that lack of thought has produced wrong action.

Truth is the cruellest thing in the world, but in the last resort men must face truth or die. And the truth is that we have shirked straight thinking, and must now get down to fundamentals, or we perish.

(To be continued.)

THE CASE FOR AN ELECTION

WHEN the Socialist Government fell, and the present administration took its place, there was a general expectation that the change would be followed by a wave of optimism both at home and abroad, and it was freely predicted that this hopeful feeling would be reflected in an upward movement of British securities on the Stock Exchange and on the Bourses of the Continent. Unfortunately nothing of the sort has occurred. It is true that France and the United States have agreed to subsidize the pound still further and the withdrawal of foreign balances in this country is no longer so marked as it was earlier in the year, but it cannot be denied that the accession to office of a National Government has not resulted in a revival of confidence on any great scale. It is, of course, regarded in all responsible circles as a step in the right direction, but until the Socialist Party has been decisively beaten at the polls it would clearly be out of the question to look for any marked return of prosperity.

There is, we are well aware, a section of opinion which would like to see the National Government continue in office at least until next year's Budget has been passed, and, if possible, for a much longer period. Those who hold this view urge that it is no small thing to have drawn the Liberals away from their Socialist allies, and that the longer the former are allowed to mix in good company the less likely they are to want to foregather once more with their old and disreputable acquaintances on the Left; it is suggested, in fact, that the consolidation of an anti-Socialist front must take precedence of all other considerations.

We frankly confess that there is a good deal which we find attractive in this standpoint, and were it not for the tariff question on the one hand, and the danger of allowing Mr. Henderson time to develop his campaign on the other, we should be inclined to advocate it ourselves. But on closer inspection the disadvantages of maintaining the National Government in office a moment longer than is absolutely necessary for the balancing of the Budget would seem to outweigh the advantages of such a policy.

In the first place, every day that an appeal to the people is delayed improves the Socialist chances, as Mr. Graham so naively confessed last week. The present crisis is due to the incompetence and extravagance of the late Socialist Government, as the majority of the electorate undoubtedly realizes, but when the hardships inflicted by the application of economy begin to be felt, this will be forgotten, and the resentment of those who have been affected will be directed, not against the Socialists, who are really responsible, but rather against those who have been compelled to pass unpopular measures to set matters right.

Then, again, delay must weaken the Conservative case, which is that no revival is possible without the imposition of a tariff. For months that party has been preaching that Free Trade must be abandoned if prosperity is to be restored, but tariffs are out of the question with an administra-

tion dependent upon Liberal support, and there is still no indication that the orthodox Liberal candidate and voter can swallow a tariff—yet. If, therefore, the whole Conservative position is not to be given away, the National Government must not last more than three months at the outside.

At the same time, to say that the present administration must not, unlike Charles II, be an unconscionable time in dying is not to say that it should never have been formed. As our readers are well aware, we yield to none in our belief that His Majesty was undoubtedly right in the firm line he took, but the diet calculated to restore the sick is not necessarily the best for the convalescent. Were there any evidence either at home or abroad that the continuance of the National Government in office for an indefinite period was necessary for the nation's credit, we should say that it must remain, in spite of all party considerations, but there is no such evidence; indeed, so far as foreign opinion has made itself felt at all upon this subject, there seems to be general agreement that what is wanted to put this country on its feet again is a Conservative victory at the polls and the prospect of five years of Conservative government, and the stability that Conservative government brings both at home and abroad.

It is, of course, only too true that the choice before the nation is between two evils; that is to say, between the danger of delay and the uncertainty of the electorate's verdict, for there can be no burking the fact that the coming General Election will be both bitter and important. It will be fought by Mr. Henderson and his friends with all the vindictiveness of men who have resigned with the hope of snatching a party advantage, and it will be critical in that a victory for the Socialist forces will mean a flight from the pound with all which that implies. For the first time for centuries the whole world will be watching the election results, and the fate of the Empire, certainly for years, perhaps for ever, will depend upon the way in which the votes are cast. To describe the election in which they are standing as "vital" is a commonplace of Parliamentary candidates at every election that has ever been held, but on the next occasion on which the hustings are set up, it will assuredly be no exaggeration.

In fine, no interest, either of a national or of a party nature, will be served by postponing the General Election until after Christmas. Let us, therefore, have it after the municipal elections are over, and before the Christmas trade, or what little there is likely to be of it this year, begins to boom; that is to say, towards the end of November. In this way the interval of uncertainty will be made as short as possible, and, if our fellow-countrymen show that common sense which they generally display when once they know the extent of the danger by which they are confronted, we shall be able to eat our plum pudding and pull our Christmas crackers with the comfortable feeling that we are well on the way towards getting out of the wood.

NEW LIGHT ON INDIA

SUPERFICIALLY, the advent of a National Administration in Great Britain has materially affected the Indian situation. Fundamentally, it has not.

This seeming paradox can be explained quite briefly. In the new British Cabinet we see in the place of the Socialist Secretary of State for India one of the principal Conservative critics of the Indian policy which was pursued by the late Government during the twenty-six months it was in power. A year ago the elimination of Mr. Wedgwood Benn from the highest post in the India Office would have caused considerable perturbation in the ranks of the Congress. The last twelve months, however, have seen in India a very great change in the outlook of the Indian politician. The reason is not far to seek. Men in the Labour movement are largely idealists, and particularly before they came into power they were always prepared to listen to Indian aspirations with a sympathy born of this idealism. For long this sympathy sufficed, and Indians were content to look forward to the rapidly approaching dawn which would give to them complete freedom. It happened, however, that the situation in India was such that when the Labour Party came into office one of the first actions of Mr. MacDonald's Government was to arm the Viceroy and Governor-General in Council with special emergency powers with which to combat subversive influences. Since then the Congress party in India has waited in vain for something which was truly demonstrative and in keeping with Labour's oft-repeated expressions of goodwill. The leaders of the Congress have been disappointed. The ex-Secretary of State for India exuded sympathy but was insignificant and invertebrate—so much so that men like Mr. Gandhi and his principal lieutenant, Mr. V. J. Patel, began to sigh for the days when the late Lord Birkenhead was in office. The late Lord Birkenhead might have been brusque, but he was definite. Mr. Wedgwood Benn, in his acute anxiety to be politic, would merely dither, and when it came to an enunciation of policy he was content to dally.

The new administration sees Sir Samuel Hoare as the guiding hand of Lord Willingdon, and as Sir Samuel's right-hand man there is to be Mr. Isaac Foot, a Liberal with a profound experience of political India and Indian psychology. As the assistant of Mr. Wedgwood Benn there was Lord Snell—and every Indian, when referring to the ex-Under-Secretary of State, invariably added with ravaging irony, "of Plumstead." The Indian, no matter what his politics, bows down to the word "caste." India was prepared to accept Mr. Wedgwood Benn, but it found Lord Snell of Plumstead a difficult proposition. The reaction of the Congress and Mr. Gandhi to the new administration will be that of relief. Indians on all sides are saying, "We now know where we are."

In actual effect the composition of the present National Government in Great Britain does not alter the situation from the point of view of the

purely British delegates. At the time of the first Round Table Conference the British Opposition was given the fullest opportunity to state its case. The same now obtains. The views of the various parties in Great Britain will be pressed as if there had been no financial crisis. In other words, the British point of view remains unaltered, merely because the balance of power is what it was at this time last year. The only people really to reap an advantage from the changed administrative circumstances in Great Britain are those in the Congress. They can now deal more directly with the Conservatives than was possible in 1930. Then, in the knowledge that Conservative opinion was predominant, they had to work through a Socialist Secretary of State and yet at the same time maintain a liaison with the Tories which was only sustained by the good offices of Mr. Baldwin.

In India itself, the fact that there is a strong Government in Great Britain will have a direct if only temporary effect upon communal relations. Much of the Hindu-Muslim discord which has been apparent during recent years has been the outcome of a disposition on the part of local authorities in India to shirk their responsibilities. Time and time again administrative officers have been denied that support which should be accorded all those whose province it is to maintain law and order. They have carried out their duties in the knowledge that if their actions invoke criticism, no reliance could be placed upon the old plea that they acted in the public interest and in the light of circumstances as seen by the man on the spot. The presence in Great Britain of a National Government will give these officers a much-needed support, and will tend to make greater the realization that they are responsible to the Government and not to Congress opinion.

Nationalism in Whitehall cannot hope materially to change the commercial relations between the great British and Indian houses in Bombay and Calcutta. The economic and political problems cut much more deeply than this. Even now there is in draft a revised version of the commercial pact which was drawn up by Congress some months ago. So far the contents of this document have been kept secret, but it is known that the terms have been drafted on the assumption that a treaty of a lasting character will be concluded in St. James's Palace. It is unofficially suggested that there is little in it which can give umbrage to British commercial men. Whether that is so or not the future must decide. It must be remembered that while Mr. Gandhi invariably plays for the largest stake, like most Eastern bargainers, he eventually becomes reasonable. Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Baldwin and, of course, Lord Reading, are ready to pay a reasonable price. In the knowledge that Mr. Gandhi holds a monopoly of that essential which in these days is known as peace and goodwill, all are prepared to go a little beyond current market quotations.

The bargainers of Great Britain and India are to meet in conference and as principals. The result, in commercial parlance, should be a deal.

CATALONIA WILL REBEL

(An Interview with Colonel Francisco Macia, leader of the Catalan Radical Autonomists)

THE most prominent of the Spanish autonomist leaders is Colonel Francisco Macia, who returned from exile shortly before the fall of Alfonso XIII. Colonel Macia seized the reins of power at the beginning of the revolution, and obtained a decisive victory over his adversaries in Catalonia. He now lives in the magnificent Generalidad Palace at Barcelona, which has become the headquarters of the autonomist movement.

"The triumph of the Republican spirit is complete in Spain," said Colonel Macia recently to our correspondent. "In Catalonia, as in other districts eager for self-government, the autonomists have scored successes which, I must admit, exceeded our wildest hopes; but, flattering as it is, this triumph burdens us with heavy responsibilities. When the Cortes sets to work, my friends and I will insist not only on the accomplishment of Radical ideas, but on complete autonomy for every province forming an ethnographical and social entity, such as Catalonia, for instance. I do not know what attitude the Republican Centralists in Madrid will adopt, no negotiations having yet taken place between the Madrid Government and ourselves on this point, but in any case I hope that the obvious results of the elections will carry conviction to the most fanatical supporters of central government, and that we shall succeed in obtaining the autonomy which Catalonia and other provinces undoubtedly deserve. If, however, the will of the people, expressed at the elections, and solid arguments do not suffice to convince the Government and its partisans that the future of Spain can only be secured on the basis of a democratic and federal Republic, we shall have to resort to more radical measures to make the Madrid politicians realize that Catalonia, who has shown herself strong enough to shake off the yoke of the Bourbons, is in no way disposed to submit to the yoke of Castile, even though it be painted in the Republican colours!

"The people of Catalonia—by which I mean not only those who live in the province called Catalonia, but also those who speak the Catalan language within the ethnographical frontier of Catalonia, extending from the Pyrenees to Valencia, and including even the inhabitants of the Balearic Islands, who are all Catalonians in spirit and form an ethnographical and geographical whole with us—intend to strive heart and soul for the progress and happiness of the autonomous Catalan Republic and of the Federation of Spanish Republics.

"Moreover, in my opinion, a Federation based on an alliance of Republics constituted by ethnographic and geographic units is an ideal kind of State. A Republican Federation is a guarantee of peace, while a great Empire artificially built up by diplomatic ruses is bound to practise an imperialist policy. A head of a State, whether he be an emperor, a king or a president of a republic, having full powers, might lead the country, through his irresponsibility towards the Spanish provinces, into war. In a Federal Republic made up of smaller units and based upon the people's will, and able to signify its disapproval of any light-hearted adventures and of any imperialist tendencies, peace is in safer hands.

"A great State, whether a kingdom or a republic, is necessarily imperialist and aims at expansion at the expense of its neighbours or under the pretence of colonizing, whereas small Federal Republics, such as Switzerland, seek and find their happiness in economic collaboration with other countries and in internal industry of a peaceful kind. A Federal Republic is the

form of government that can best bestow the possibility of a free development on nationalities oppressed by imperialism. Every nation ought to be able to cultivate its language and traditions unhindered. Compulsory education should be one of the principal laws of the Spanish Federal Republic. Such a law should make up for the unpardonable crimes committed by the dictatorship and the monarchy against the Spanish nationalities and provinces.

"One of the basic principles of the Radical Party, which has gained on the elections so notably in Catalonia, consists of the abolition of the compulsory military service. We call for the liberation of Catalan youth from its military duties. We shall demand very decidedly that the Constituent Cortes should pass a law by which no citizen of the Spanish Republic can be obliged to serve under arms outside the frontiers of the country. And this should be extended even to professional soldiers. If it is true that military service as things stand now cannot be totally abolished, we have to choose its mildest form, i.e., an army consisting of mercenaries. Even this army should be limited in number, and in its instruction, arms and drill its defensive character should be apparent.

"By holding that no citizen of the Spanish Federal Republic should be obliged to serve the country under arms outside the frontiers, we condemn the imperialistic form of colonization. As a matter of fact, the extreme Radicals, and many politicians outside of this party, support a movement which is rapidly gaining ground in Spain for the abdication of Spanish rights in Morocco. This territory has already called for many young lives during its conquest and its occupation; its people, who are devoted to the idea of liberty, accept foreign rule under compulsion, and will certainly not submit to it indefinitely. The day might well come when the occupation of this territory would demand further bloodshed and new sacrifices from the colonizing power.

"On the other hand, the young Federal Republic of Spain has so many things to do inside its frontiers—to repair the neglect and damage caused by the royal rule and the dictatorship—that it cannot spare its best forces on this constructive work. Of course, if this project becomes reality, it will not be just to open the gates for another imperialistic power. This act, which is destined to provide an example to the rest of the world, will very probably be accomplished by a solemn declaration before the League of Nations, and it will be left to this supreme court of the world to decide under what conditions should be organized the administration and government of the territory liberated from the Spanish rule.

"The extension of civilization, the gradual removal of illiteracy and the triumph of athletic sports will abolish the sanguinary bull-fights which are a standing reproach to Spain in the eyes of other countries. As everyone knows, the Catalonians have never been particularly fond of this typically Castilian distraction. Statistics show that about forty per cent. of the Catalan population is of Castilian origin, and for this reason the majority of the spectators of bull-fights in Catalonia have Castilian blood in their veins.

"I believe that a Spanish Federal Republic will result in a mental and economic development which will soon make up for the omissions of past centuries, and thus every part of the Republic will be able to join, in a spirit of equality, in the Pan-European movement, which is constantly gaining ground, and is destined to bring about a new golden age, an age of happiness and progress, for all the nations of Europe."

AERIAL TRAINS

BY HANS HELBIG

(Head of the Glider Section of the German Aeroplane Association)

GLIDING really owes its origin to the Treaty of Versailles, which deprived Germany of the right to maintain an air force. This is another instance of the truth of the saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." Precluded from the use of high-powered aeroplanes, those of the new generation who were interested in aviation had to find a substitute, and did find one in the glider.

But gliding was at the time no more than a game similar to kite-flying, even though this new game was far more dangerous and claimed many victims. But the game rapidly developed into a sport, the sport into a science, and the science is beginning to develop into a new technology which will undoubtedly assume considerable importance in the near future.

Let us go back to the beginning. In 1922 it was regarded as a remarkable feat when Martens Hentzen and Hackmack succeeded in the Rhon in staying in the air for an hour, actually flying without a motor instead of gliding down to earth, and even rising to a greater height than the take-off. Yet the achievements of that day will not stand comparison with present results, which include Groenhoff's 160-mile world record flight, Hirth's crossing of the Hausemeer from Berlin, Fuchs's flight from the Tempelhofer Feld to Frankfurt on the Oder, and Kronfeld's channel flight. Gliding to-day is a very different matter from what it was in the old days.

At present it is not absolutely necessary for the glider to take off from a precipice after waiting there for favourable ascending air currents. It is now possible to have the glider towed into the air by an aeroplane, the tow rope being cut at a suitable height, which may be as low as 1,800 and up to 2,400 feet. It is even sufficient to have the glider towed by a motor-car at a great speed, the glider rising into the air like a kite.

It is true that in training glider pilots it will always be necessary to teach the technique of gliding by means of the high altitude take-off, but the present widespread interest in gliding is due primarily to the fact that taking-off on level ground has become possible. Only now is it possible to demonstrate how much has been achieved at the gliding academies in the Rhon and the Riesengebirge, and in Rossitten and other places. Only now is it possible to prove that the dream of winged man, which the world has dreamed since the dawn of history, has turned into reality. This is due to the glider and not to the aeroplane, since in the latter it is the machine that flies, not the man.

In spite of all this, there are those who still think that gliding is an entirely useless art, and that its interest is confined to sport. Such people will probably not regard it as an argument to be told what a glorious feeling it is to float smoothly in a motorless flying machine 10,000 feet above the ground, without being disturbed in the contemplation of the scene below by the incessant drone of the motor. It would probably not convince them, either, if they were told that gliding is the best preliminary training imaginable for ordinary flying, and that every properly trained glider pilot requires only a very short period of training to become a competent aeroplane pilot. But they will surely change their opinion when they hear that, perhaps in the very near future, the glider is going to play an entirely new and important rôle.

It is certain that the glider is destined to solve the problem of the simplification of aerial travel. We are already engaged in constructing gliders in which a single passenger can be taken up and shown that

the beauty of aerial travel can only be fully enjoyed in a motorless aeroplane. We are also in a position to-day to construct gliders which accommodate a large number of passengers. Nowadays it would present no insurmountable technical difficulty to cover long distances in a glider towed by an ordinary aeroplane. It was in this manner that Kronfeld in his glider "Vienna" was towed by the pilot Weichelt from London to Brussels, and that in July, 1931, Groenhoff flew from Darmstadt over Stuttgart and Kempfen to Augsburg and back. The latter voyage was even interrupted by a landing on unprepared ground. And this method of aerial travel may easily become the method of the future. Just as a railway train has only one locomotive but several carriages, so the aerial train of the future will consist only of one high-powered aeroplane and several gliders connected with it and with each other by tow ropes. In this manner aerial travel will not only be considerably more pleasant than hitherto, owing to the elimination of the frequent jerky rise and fall of the aeroplane, but will also be far safer. For it is quite clear that both the fuel which drives the motor of an aeroplane and the motor itself represent a source of danger to passengers in case of a crash. The weight of the motor accelerates the descent of the falling aeroplane, and there is the danger of the fuel catching fire and of the fire ending the lives of the passengers in the aeroplane. With the aerial train of the future that can never happen. In case of accident, all that the pilots of the gliders in tow will have to do will be to cut the tow rope and descend smoothly to earth. Thus the glider which Germany has been forced to develop will become the means of strengthening Germany in the aviation of the future.

TO THE SCHNEIDER CUP
SEAPLANES

BY HUGH M. LONGDEN

YOUR song and speed are in the air
And terrifying the sky,
But your grim hearts are debonaire
And flaming as you fly.

No eagle's heart can be so reft,
So drunk with joy, so freed,
So fiercely pluck'd away and left,
As when you swoop for speed.

No bird can ever spin so quick
In one ecstatic dive
That makes the gazing mob feel sick
But thrilled to be alive.

Your pilots have a god-like nerve—
One slip and they would crash
Like shooting stars, and swiftly swerve
Like meteors into ash!

They dimly mark the turn and feel
That death has nothing in it,
When banking for a record wheel
At six mad miles a minute.

No boat can ever start from Cowes
And then, with throbbing side,
Within a minute find its bows
Abreast the pier at Ryde. . .

CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS—IV MR. GERALD LESLIE BROCKHURST, A.R.A.

BY ADRIAN BURY

BEFORE the words "volume" and "significant form" were bandied about until they became so mystically important, it was possible to say that a portrait was well drawn, that it conformed to a certain standard of anatomical exactitude. To draw an eye carefully and to place it relatively to the nose and ears was the concern of every honest figure artist. But with the breaking of tradition, the modern student will tell you loftily that even the draughtsmanship of Leonardo or Ingres is representational, and that the photographer's art has taken the place of the art of the accomplished delineator. I agree with Mr. Walter Bayes that the camera, by flooding the world with mechanically made pictures, has deadened popular perception to the miracle of fine drawing. It has also made the restless and superficial mind crave for novelty in painting, however meretricious.

Mr. Gerald Leslie Brockhurst is one of the few painters who have been strong enough to resist the bewildering influences of the moment. We have noticed how other and older academicians, notably Mr. Augustus John and Sir George Clausen, have come occasionally into the vortex of new ideas, the former we suggest for the worse, the latter for the better. But Mr. Brockhurst has remained consistently faithful to the old ideals.

That he was one of the outstanding students at the Royal Academy Schools in 1914 is proved by his early drawings from the life; that he had his own, I think, rather obstinate views as to the value of sable brushes for reaching the limit of finish is but proof of his strength of opinion and character.

Mr. Brockhurst is fortunate in having known his mind early, in having looked at the Florentines and decided that such drawing and painting were well worth achieving. But unlike many other in those far-away days of 1914, Mr. Brockhurst not only admired, he emulated.

Mr. Brockhurst possesses a hawk-like eye, an eye ever predatory for details. This is a dangerous gift in any artist who has not an equally tenacious hand, I had almost said claw, one trained to follow the dictates of the eye to the ultimate conclusion of fact. Holbein and some of the Pre-Raphaelites had it, but it frequently happens that these faculties are not evenly balanced, the hand becoming cleverer than the eye and mind, and producing a piece of uninspired technique.

Mr. Brockhurst is certainly a marvellous technician, but he seldom fatigues us with his virtuosity because he plans all his portraits profoundly, designing them with infinite regard for balance and shape, and then searching deeply into character. Nor is he satisfied as some artists are with giving us a face. He must needs present a rare study of the fingers, the dress, or even some ornament worn by the sitter. Here again he resembles certain old masters who were never too tired to lavish equal attention on all the objects that interested them. For this reason we can take any portion of his work and rejoice in that it is complete in itself, and yet harmonizes with every other part to make a final whole.

He is in no sense the professional portrait painter because the very nature and style of his work in this direction entail much time and concentration. Depending, I presume, mostly on his etchings and drawings for material success, he can linger for weeks, months maybe, on any painting that "amuses" him.

The most memorable of his portraits is that of his brother-artist, Mr. Henry Rushbury, A.R.A., which was exhibited at the Royal Academy two or three years ago. In its way, it was the best thing of that particular exhibition, and yet I was asked by an artist whether it

was paint. This is the sort of question that the "pigmenters," if I may coin such a word, are inclined to ask about all painting that does not come into the category of *impasto* or thick paint. Mr. Brockhurst's work being the other extreme from impressionism and post-impressionism, we can only reply that his method of handling paint coincides rather with that of the Florentines or the early Flemish than with Chardin's, Monet's or Daumier's. We must remember that the painters of the Renaissance were invariably great line draughtsmen. The fresco from which their pictures derived was conceived in line, and Mr. Brockhurst, being in that school, is primarily interested in line. Hence his work is essentially drawing, and it would be impossible to arrive at such finish were he too generous with his paint. And yet I have seen portraits by him achieved with the palette knife, a severe test for an artist with so exacting a sense of detail. He is, however, wise to follow the method in which he is easily the first artist of our time, a method that reaches consummation in his etchings. These again have been attacked on the score that they are too finished, so detailed in fact as to leave not one hair of the head vague if it should be emphasized. Such a portrait etching as the one of Mr. James McBey is a masterpiece that defies criticism. It must stand with all truly great etchings.

THE BREAKER

BY LEIGH D. BROWNLEE

WHETHER "The Breaker" still lives and plies his strange calling, I am unaware, but if these lines should catch his eye I wish he would get in touch with the gentleman with the homing umbrella which he does not want.

This sad soul has told us that, in the course of a journey half across the world, he has mislaid or lost his umbrella times innumerable; always it is returned to him; always the prodigal turns up in some spot where rain will not fall for months. Reading of his sad plight I was reminded of my encounter many years ago with "The Breaker."

I met this strange man in a train, and during a long journey we grew friendly; in course of conversation he said he was a "breaker."

"A breaker?" I queried, mystified, "ship-breaker? House-breaker?"

"No—just a breaker."

"You mean broker?" I suggested politely.

He shook his head. "Breaker," he replied, firmly; "I break things. That is my profession. Incidentally, it is a very remunerative profession."

I expressed curiosity; he was obligingly informative.

"Two or three years ago," he began, "I dined with a friend who had just got married. When the ladies had withdrawn, I called his attention to two appalling vases on the mantelpiece. I said they were almost an incitement to riot or a breach of the peace."

"With awful gloom he explained they were a wedding present from his mother-in-law; come hell, come high-water, they must be exhibited. They would go with him to his grave."

"I told him he was a fool, got up, approached the mantelpiece, and with a sweep of my hand, knocked both atrocities to the floor, where they broke. To render all possibility of repair abortive, I ground the pieces to powder under my feet."

"Ring the bell," I said, coldly, "and tell the maid that I have had a regrettable accident."

"My friend obeyed in a species of trance, and when we rejoined the ladies, he broke the news to his wife. Into her pretty face came a look of awe and unholy delight, and when I said good night she almost kissed me. My friend wrung my hand for

about five minutes in the hall and asked if he could do anything for me.

"'You can send me a cheque for ten guineas,' I replied, 'and recommend me to your friends.'"

"For, between my 'accident' and the parting with my friends, I had found a profession. I go about a good deal, and it had struck me that many of my acquaintances were also cursed with possessions, the destruction of which they would welcome but dare not attempt.

"My next client was a lady, on whom her husband had inflicted the most dreadful tea-set mortal eye has ever seen. To the best of my recollection it was of salmon pink, with a green floral border. It was of such a character that no guest ever came again. The wife was in despair until my first client, a friend of hers, recommended me. I called upon her at a discreet moment, and was shown the tea-set.

"There are twelve cups, twelve saucers, twelve plates, a tea-pot, hot-water jug, cream jug, milk jug and sugar-bowl—all of this perfectly foul stuff," she said, savagely. "How can you possibly have a plausible accident with forty-one pieces of china?"

"I assured her that it was quite simple. Had she a really large tray? She had, whereat I expounded my plan.

"On Wednesday next," I said, "you will invite about a dozen people, including myself, to tea. Arrange that all the china is brought in on one tray and placed on a low and fragile table. I will arrive early. The rest you can leave to me."

"Everything fell out exactly as I had planned. When the tea-tray was brought in and placed before the hostess, there was present about half a dozen guests, including the husband. At once I sprang to my feet, a fatuous smile of courtesy on my face, exclaimed loudly, 'Pray let me help,' dashed forward, tripped over a non-existent obstacle on the floor, and fell headlong on top of the tray. As I had hoped, the table gave way, and tray, china, table and myself crashed to the floor in one magnificent, inseparable mass."

"Here, despite the boiling tea and water, the cream and the milk, and the splintered china, I floundered and thrashed with arms, legs and body much in the manner of a drowning man going down for the third and last time. Eventually I rose to my feet, only to fall down again with what I hoped would seem a scream of pain, for out of the tail of my eye I had seen that three or four cups and saucers were still intact.

"On the whole, the thing went off magnificently. I had genuinely cut and scalded myself, and the husband, whose suppressed fury nearly brought on a stroke, was forced to express his regrets and minister to my hurts. Two days later the wife sent me a cheque for fifty guineas on her private account.

"After this little job, I saw that there was big money in 'breaking,' raised my charges, and put the business on a scientific and efficient basis. I soon acquired a considerable clientele, but I can say with pride that I never refused a commission nor failed to carry it out to a successful termination. Once or twice I was severely tested—notably in the case of the early-Victorian sofa, with horsehair covering and, apparently, a cast-iron frame. To break this I had to invent a particularly boisterous round-game, and even then, while administering the coup de grâce, I broke my arm in two places.

"Good Heavens! This is my station. I must fly. So pleased to have met you."

My strange acquaintance gathered up his belongings, flung open the door, and was gone.

I have never seen "The Breaker" since that day; but, as I said at the outset, if he still lives and practises his strange calling (if, indeed, he ever practised it!) he should be just the man for that worried traveller with the homing umbrella.

A ROYAL SUMMONS

BY OSBERT BURDETT

I

REBECCA left the room thoughtfully. Her uncle was certainly sinking, but she was assured by the nurse, who was one of his admirers and proud to be the one nurse now at his side, that this state of coma might last for hours, and that Rebecca herself should not miss that breath of fresh air in the park which was all that the young woman had allowed herself during her uncle's long illness.

Already his library on the ground floor was beginning to accuse them. The chair, and the writing-table, and the slippers had suddenly risen from their matter-of-courseness into painful reminders now that they were no longer being used; but the pathos of the room centred in an album, bound in scarlet and gold, that lay prominently, where visitors could see it, on a side-table within reach of her uncle's desk. The album was her uncle's most cherished possession. It contained a dozen letters in the autograph of the King, with whom her uncle had been at one time on terms of intimacy. A good Victorian, and a man of His Majesty's age, her uncle had that intense feeling for the monarchy that was one of the distinctions of his epoch. Rebecca knew that the greatest day of her uncle's life was not the day on which he had first taken his seat in the House of Lords, but the morning when, while he was still a commoner, the post had brought him a personal invitation to stay at Sandringham. The invitation had been repeated more than once. Her uncle had spent also a week on the Royal Yacht, and the menus of those dinners on board were among the mementoes that he had shown to her. Her uncle, moreover, had been allowed to return this hospitality. His Majesty had accepted an invitation to a garden party that her uncle had given when both men were on the Riviera. Only the week before, Rebecca herself had had to reply to a telegram of inquiry from the palace, and when this inquiry (which seemed to the affectionate girl too long delayed and cold) had been shown to her uncle, his pleasure at being remembered was so great that she had kept her feeling to herself. The explanation of her uncle's satisfaction was that this friendship had wilted; there had been some misunderstanding, for her uncle was a proud man who did not smooth the path of any friend. Even now, in his lonely old age, he still refused to admit that he had ever incurred the King's displeasure.

"A valuable life," her uncle had said when he had read the telegram. "They recognize a valuable life," and, while his trembling old fingers replaced the rustling paper in its envelope, his white face, like that of a great eagle, was lit with a happy smile as he sank back upon his pillows.

This telegram of the week before had come after a long silence. There was not often a communication from the palace now, and it had brought back a gleam of sunshine into an old age that had grown lonely and proud like a deserted mansion. While Rebecca was walking in the park, she recalled the three occasions on which she had seen her uncle in the presence of royalty, and how, on each occasion, his bearing had made her realize how much this intimacy had meant to him. A handsome man of fine presence, his independent bearing seemed to need for its background nothing less regal than Royalty itself. Recollections began to crowd upon her, and she found a chair and sat down.

The first time was when he had been present, as a guest of honour, at some afternoon function at the palace, and she, still a child, had been allowed to sit in the carriage that had gone to fetch him

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when it was over. There had been, she remembered, a long wait inside the railings—through which the crowd of loiterers had pressed and stared. Then, at last, there came a summons into the quadrangle, and when the carriage drew up under the portico she had seen her uncle, in the grey frock-coat that he carried so well, taking his leave from his august host in the hall a few yards from her. The carriage had hardly swung into Constitution Hill before her uncle was puffing contentedly at his cigar, and (young as Rebecca then was) she had not dared to disturb the happy meditations that filled him. The function had gone off entirely as he had planned it.

The next time, several years later, and after the regrettable breach had occurred, she had been staying with her uncle at Carlsbad. His Majesty was taking the cure at the same time at Marienbad, and one day her uncle had told her that she must drive over with him since he wished to write his name in the visitors' book at the hotel where the King was staying. They had just done this, and had settled into their motor, when a little victoria had clattered up behind them, and the King stepped out and entered his hotel. Had they left one minute later, Sovereign and subject must have met, and Rebecca wondered, once again, what would have been the upshot of their meeting. Would she have been introduced or would the King have failed to recognize his former friend?

II

Lost in her reverie, Rebecca remembered also how, a few days later, she had noticed that a table was being laid for eight on the lawn of their hotel, and how the bustle and subdued excitement had led her to inquire of the manager who was being expected. The frock-coated Austrian had said that it was a private party, but that (if she would be discreet, and would tell no one except her uncle) he would confide to her that His Majesty was driving over from Marienbad to entertain a few personal friends. When, with the impulsive excitement of seventeen, she had told her uncle, who had not been invited though he had made his presence known by his previous call, without a word he had led her to a seat in the drive, pulled out the inevitable cigar, and had sat with her waiting. Punctually at one o'clock, a huge Mercedes rasped over the gravel and the King stepped out. The table was set at the side of the hotel, but it was visible from the drive, and the little party had already assembled under an awning to receive him. His Majesty advanced slowly, raised his Homburg hat, and was soon putting his guests at their ease, unaware of the four eyes that were watching him from the drive so intently. After their own luncheon, her uncle had led Rebecca back to the same seat, where they had watched the arrival of four little victorias which were to take the King and his guests for a drive into the woods whither tea was to be sent after them. Her uncle again had said nothing, but his pale aquiline face had been paler than usual, and she knew that his disappointment had been keen.

The breach was never healed, and when he had begun to despair of further letters he had had the album made, and the autograph correspondence, in this fit setting, was placed where he could show it to visitors. Rebecca was sorry for her uncle, and any inclination to smile at his album had long faded into sympathy now that there was so little time for anyone, or for anything, to give him pleasure. Never now, she felt, would he receive a Royal summons again. . . . It was a lovely afternoon in spring, and, while she sat in the park brooding on those great moments in his past which she had shared with her uncle, Rebecca did not realize how

the time was slipping. With a start she woke from her reverie, sprang from her seat and hurried home, hearing on her arrival that there had been no change, and that the nurse, whose devotion was unfailing, was sitting with her patient. Rebecca slipped off her hat, tip-toed into the room, took the seat of the nurse at the foot of the bed, and sat watching.

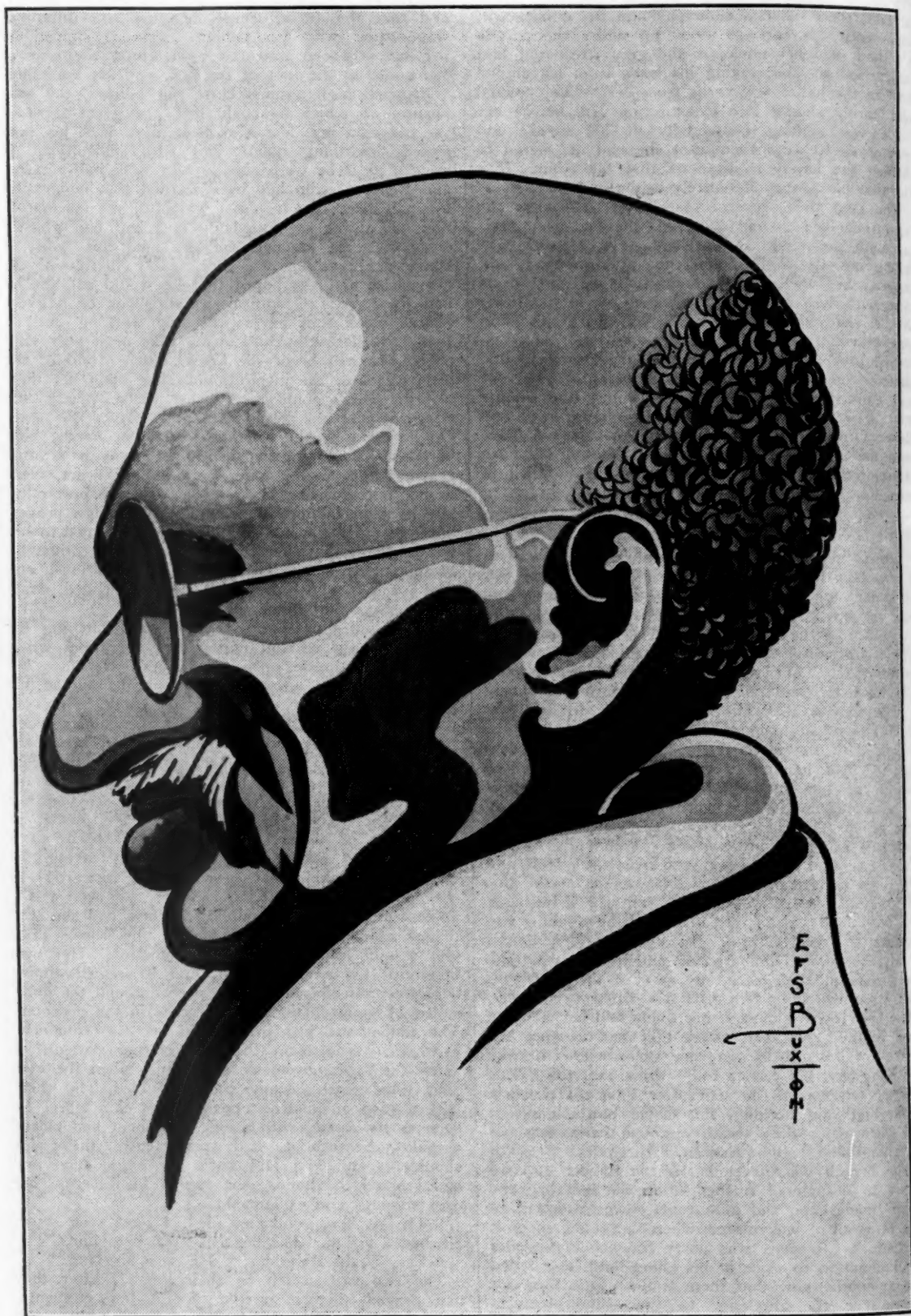
Propped high against three big pillows, the only position in which he could rest, the great form of the old man lay, like a stricken tree, with his eyes closed, breathing quietly but with difficulty. It seemed as if he were able to take only half-breaths, and Rebecca, who had been warned that congestion was advanced, sat helpless, watchful, yet fascinated. She had never seen anybody die; had had ghastly fears of some unquiet ending; but this soft, if laboured, breathing was not visibly distressing to her uncle, and she hoped that he would end (as he had lived) with a natural cessation—as of a great church clock that never will stop working until it shall have naturally run down. Like most very vital people, he had been, she knew, much afraid of the end; and now the inspiration flashed upon her that, if only Death could receive her uncle royally, the King of Terrors would have no terrors for him. On her seat by the bed she joined her hands, bent her head, and prayed silently. It was a strange prayer, deep as her love, pure as her heart, clear as her faith, arising like a flower with no prompting but its own instinctive principle; a strange prayer, but Rebecca made it. Anything, now, seemed to her better than that her uncle should die privately, disappointed, in the twilight of his ambitions, and (but for her, whose presence, she had pleaded, could not honour him) alone.

The minutes passed. She had been watching for nearly an hour without noting any alteration, when suddenly her uncle opened his eyes. His face became irradiated; a look of triumph overspread his features; his lips were trying to speak. Rebecca, the nurse in her giving place to a profounder solicitude and curiosity, crept from her chair, bent over the dying man, and laid her ear to his lips. She could feel rather than hear what he was saying, as the words of the National Anthem reached her brain. There could be no mistake. Her uncle, at the climax of his end, thought himself to be at a great function, and at the moment of his leaving this world was looking back—or was it forward?—to the appearance of his King. Never, not even at the noblest moments of his public speeches, had she seen a look of such triumph on his, or any, face. She was caught into the tide of his emotion. Her own horizon lifted as she gazed, and it seemed almost a profanation when the nurse peeped round the door, called by some instinct to the crisis in the bedroom. The nurse was just in time to see the wonderful expression fade upon the face of her patient, to catch the final movement of his lips, when the eyes shut, the breath became more troubled, and then, with a gasp, it quietly stopped. His chin fell. So soon as the nurse, with a deft movement had placed a pillow beneath it, had straightened the wide shoulders, and had laid back the eagle face and had crossed the hands, she turned to Rebecca, her eyes shining, and exclaimed:

"That is how good men die! I have seen some. He had a vision. The heavens opened to him."

"Yes," said Rebecca. "He saw his God."

The two women fell on their knees. After they had prayed silently together for a few moments, Rebecca rose quietly and stole out, leaving the nurse to clear away all tokens of illness, to draw up the blinds, to admit the afternoon sunshine in all its April splendour, to straighten the room reverently, and to arrange the flowers.



GANDHI

THE THEATRE

MESALLIANCE

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Grand Hotel. By Vicki Baum. Adapted by Edward Knoblock. Adelphi Theatre.
The Nelson Touch. By Neil Grant. Embassy Theatre.

THE truth about 'Grand Hotel' is that it is manifestly the bastard offspring of an Indiscretion. The drama is only putatively the father of this "Play in Three Acts and Nineteen Scenes." Its mother was admittedly a German novel; but its other parent was a rich American named Movie. And the bawd to this deplorable affair was a gentleman named Haseit, without whose "mechanical stage" the ill-matched pair could never have become united.

Now, as a contrivance for enabling scenes to follow one another with comparative celerity, Herr Haseit's invention is no doubt very wonderful. That it enabled Mr. Knoblock to use nineteen scenes in dramatizing 'Grand Hotel' is indisputable; that it thereby enabled him to include almost every episode in exactly the order and exactly the place where they occurred in the novel, I am willing to believe—the more readily since Mr. Knoblock's version differed only in comparatively minor details from my recollection of the New York version made by Vicki Baum herself. And my only comment hostile to Herr Haseit's stage is that if it had not been invented, Mr. Knoblock would have been compelled to make a very much more satisfactory job of dramatizing 'Grand Hotel.' He would have been compelled, among other things, to concentrate within a single act incidents which the revolving stage enables him to scatter over half a dozen scenes. The result would have been a *crescendo* continuity—i.e., drama—instead of the spasmodic progress, the continual interruption of the interest by scene-changes, and the general dissipation of the drama.

Here, for the benefit of those who have neither seen the play nor read the novel, I must pause to say that 'Grand Hotel' is an ingenious conglomeration of a number of independent dramas, all of them occurring simultaneously within the Grand Hotel, Berlin. There is the drama of a temperamental Russian dancer who falls in love with an aristocratic cat-burglar whom she discovers in her bedroom. There is the drama of a humble clerk, condemned to death by his doctor and spending his life's savings on a final "bust." There is the drama of a business-man bluffing a rival company into an agreement. There is the drama of a pretty typist who consents to sell herself as mistress to a wealthy business-man. All these independent dramas are cleverly linked together by contrivances that, for all their ingenuity, are nevertheless so manifestly artificial that the play would be very little different had the various stories been left wholly unrelated. The author has contrived, for instance, that the business-man who bluffs his rivals is the same man as the prosperous lover of the typist; that the humble clerk was formerly in his employ; that the burglar he surprises in his bedroom is the same man as the lover of the dancer. Etcetera. But these contrived identifications of the leading characters are purely accidental; they do not knit the various stories into a single composite drama.

To which the authoress will, no doubt, answer that I mistake her purpose; that what she set out to give us was a peep at the secret "goings-on" in a *de luxe* hotel; that the dramatic synthesis is philosophical; and that no intelligent observer will have any difficulty in discerning it. I surmise this answer (which is theoretically a sound one) from the fact that she includes among the characters in the hotel a *raisonneur*, the war-scarred Doctor Otternschlag. This doctor is a pessi-

mistic cynic, to whom life in a "Grand Hotel" is a microcosmic reproduction of Life (with a capital L) itself. People arrive there, stay a night or two, and then depart; and others take their place. To which I have only space to reply that this comparison—though it has of course some truth in it—is not to be discerned in the events occurring in this play. Had Miss Vicki Baum selected commonplace, instead of exceptional, histories to illustrate her argument, her "point" would not only have been clear and possibly convincing, but might also have given an artistic unity and a dramatic quality to what, as it is, is a spasmodic entertainment.

However, that 'Grand Hotel' will be a huge success commercially I have not the slightest doubt. Its revolving stage has evidently caught the childish fancy of the theatre-going public, which is clearly under the delusion that it will see the stage revolving. Actually, of course, but for the preliminary publicity the audience would sit there blissfully unconscious of the miracles behind the footlights. Nor would I dissuade my readers from a visit to a play that, with all its defects, is sufficiently unusual to be memorable as an achievement, and has grandeur, courage and imagination. There are moments of strange beauty. In particular, the scenes between Preysing, the curiously shy business man (Lyn Harding) and Flaemmchen, the level-headed and yet not immodest typist (Ursula Jeans) are extraordinarily subtle and convincing, and are very delicately played. The affair of the Russian dancer (Elena Miramova) and the cat burglar (Hugh Williams) is superficially too novelettish to be interesting, and the actress is too youthful for the underlying tragedy to be revealed. The business-scenes, which were exciting in New York, have been so completely disembowelled in the English version as to have no meaning. But I doubt if any other actor on the English stage could have bettered Mr. Ernest Milton's Doctor Otternschlag; there is something inhuman, something—what is the word?—sepulchral in this actor's personality that is eminently suited to that disillusioned commentator.

I must confess that, in so far as it was different, I preferred the New York version. No doubt, this was largely due to the fact that my seat was not, as it was at the Adelphi, several miles distant from the stage; that I did not have to suffer a continuous disturbance caused by late arrivals who were evidently under the impression that 8.15 is an indefinite moment somewhere between 8.20 and 8.45; nor a draught, for which these late arrivals were no doubt responsible, which necessitated sitting in an overcoat. But the American production was incomparably pleasanter to look at. At the Adelphi all the sets are lighted by enormous naked lamps, which are not only very trying to the eyesight, but almost blind one to the figures on the stage.

I hesitate to say that the acting in New York was "better" than it is in London. I am conscious how comparatively easy it is to identify an unknown actor with the rôle he is embodying, and how difficult is that self-deception when the actors are familiar. I will therefore confine myself to the remark that 'Grand Hotel' is incomparably more realistic and impressive when the actors' personalities are unfamiliar: a remark that, now I come to think of it, probably applies to every play. The production seemed to be as smooth as the spasmodic nature of the play permitted.

The new play at the Embassy is an amusing trifle by the author of 'Petticoat Influence.' The plot, which is elaborate, but clearly and dramatically related, tells how a Cabinet Minister's scapegrace younger brother, by an impudent trick of impersonation, saved the British nation from a war. As a satire on diplomacy, it is both too superficial and too farcical to be convincing; as an evening's entertainment it is worth a visit.

THE FILMS

THE CINEMA AND THE PROVINCES

BY MARK FORREST

WHEN Mr. George Grossmith, who has recently returned from Hollywood, was giving away very amusingly some of the secrets of the place on the wireless the other night, he said among other things that the theatre here need not fear extinction at the hands of the cinema. I do not think that any shrewd person has ever thought that the London stage was in dire peril; there is a great deal of difference between the art of the cinema and that of the theatre, and a totally dissimilar appeal is made by each of them. As far as London is concerned, the explanation of the joint success is that people are spending more money on entertainment than they used to do, with the result that a popular play has just as much chance of a long run as it had before the cinema became a public amusement; though I am by no means sure that a doubtful success has not been prejudiced.

To look at the London theatre only is to look at the rosy side of the apple, but if we disregard the advice of Browning and pry, we "lose our Edens," for this happy state of affairs where the lion lies down with the lamb is by no means the case in the provinces. Here the appeal of the theatre has suffered a definite setback, and the chief reason is that the cinema stars go on tour. Those who go to the cinema in the country get exactly the same entertainment as Londoners do; true, they have to wait a little, but general releases are now being speeded up. Why a second or third-rate actress in a second or third-rate production should be thought to be capable of holding her end up against Ruth Chatterton or Marlene Dietrich in a first-class film, or a second or third-rate actor be matched against George Arliss or John Barrymore, I don't know. To expect to "break even" seems to me to savour of optimism, a characteristic of the theatre almost as ingrained as the reluctance of its stars to go on tour.

As though, however, these drawbacks were not sufficient, another menace to the provincial theatre is arising if Mr. Bernstein continues on his way or other enterprising men follow his trail. Already many London theatre owners have been compelled to modernize their auditoriums so that their audiences may enjoy comforts comparable with those to which the London cinemas have accustomed them; but Mr. Bernstein with his magnificent building, called The Granada, which was opened on Tooting Broadway last Monday, is carrying the challenge into fresh tramlines.

I shall not try to describe this new building, the scheme of whose decoration has been designed by Mr. Komisarjevsky, and I think that it is too near London to affect my present argument, but if such mirrored palaces are going to be built farther out, then the time may well be at hand when the provincial theatre will not be able to exist at all. Those that I have been into, which are a good many, are shabby, out-of-date affairs, and I do not see where the money is coming from to rebuild them. Indeed, it is much more likely that the cinema industry itself will supply it, so that more "cathedrals of the talkies"—I quote from some publicity matter on the Granada with which I have been supplied—may arise from the very ashes. The amateur theatre in the provinces will always flourish, because, for reasons best known to themselves, English people in every grade of society appear to think that they can act, but, if the professional is to survive, its more fortunate brothers and sisters, as well as the rich uncles, had better fly to its rescue with all speed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

'THE HIDDEN CHILD'

SIR,—Will you permit me to point out to your reviewer, Mr. H. C. Harwood, that he is mistaken in saying that 'The Hidden Child,' by Franz Werfel, has not been printed in the United States. The book, under the title of 'The Pure in Heart,' was published by Simon and Schuster, New York, in April last, and was the selection for May of The Book Society of America.

29 Parkhill Road, N.W.3

A READER

THE EXECUTION OF WOMEN

SIR,—I am surprised at you. You permit a reviewer to say that Mrs. Thompson was executed in 1922. It was January 11, 1923. Nor was she the last woman to perish on the scaffold. Shortly after, Mrs. Newman was hanged at Glasgow for murdering a newsboy. Then a woman was hanged at Dublin for husband-murder. Finally, on Midsummer Day, 1926, the murderess of Mrs. Lily Waterhouse was hanged at Strangeways Gaol, Manchester.

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

[Peccavimus.—ED. S.R.]

THE YOUNG IDEA

SIR,—It is difficult to see how Mr. Gilbert Wakefield justifies his statement that "we are invited to infer" the existence of a "set of English Italianates who are more intelligent than the average hunting set at home. Mr. Conrad merely gives us a couple of very clever youngsters temporarily, and accidentally resident in Italy who, having brains, were ill-disposed to suffer the hunting Lumpkin and his ladies. There is surely nothing inordinate about the pleasant satisfaction of Girda and Shalto in their own ability. If any self-satisfaction is inordinate it is to be found in most members of hunting sets because they are so entirely unaware of their own unawareness.

Glasgow

T. D. LOWE

ILL-KEPT CHURCHYARDS

SIR,—I note what you say about ill-kept churchyards. This is often the result of an arrangement with the sexton or caretaker, by which he is paid an annual fee by the relatives to keep a grave in order. The consequence of this is that the graves for which no fee is paid are neglected.

These customs are difficult to alter and sextons seem to live a long time (mine had held the office, when I left last year, for thirty years).

A far better plan would be for the sexton to be paid for keeping the whole churchyard in order and for the relatives to pay any fee to the churchwardens. This could be easily arranged when a new sexton was appointed.

F. W. POWELL

Doria, Worcester

(Late Vicar of Kirkdale)

POLICE AND THE CLUBS

SIR,—Commander J. M. Kenworthy sums up the question of the clubs very clearly, but in his anxiety to strengthen the argument for the club he is somewhat unfair to the public-house. He says, "Visitors and customers are expected to consume (alcoholic)"

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drink. Indeed, the ordering of drink is their right of entry. As a rule, all that the pub. offers as an alternative to (alcoholic) drink and conversation is a dart-board."

It is a well-authenticated fact that licensed victuallers to-day are as ready to sell tea, coffee and non-alcoholic beverages and food as they are to sell intoxicating liquor. With regard to the amenities of the public-house, licensees are ready to provide their customers with music, games, etc., wherever the licensing justices will permit them to do so.

Sudbury, Middlesex

H. W. THOMAS

THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD

SIR,—The May Report recommends the complete abolition of the Empire Marketing Board. This is not economy in the strict sense of the word; it is saving a halfpenny to lose a penny.

Year after year the Empire Marketing Board has told the people, "We have an Empire. You are a part of it. Sit up and take notice. Work for and on behalf of the British Empire," and this has found its echo overseas. The Dominions and Colonies may not, at the moment, be in a position to help the Empire Marketing Board financially, but they may be able to in the future if this course be considered advisable, and the territory comprising British West Africa could help the Gold Coast to carry on the good work now either by helping her financially, or by setting up a British West African Emporium somewhere in London, where the public may see the handicrafts of this vast territory as well as its raw products.

Bexhill

W. ADDISON

POLICE PENSIONS

SIR,—As it has become necessary to curtail public expenditure, perhaps you will allow me to submit an economy proposal which, though not involving a saving of magnitude, is a sound, honest measure.

At present policemen are pensioned at a comparatively early age, and on a very generous scale. The pension is about £150 a year and the retiring age between forty-five and fifty. The average pensionable age for most occupations is sixty-five, so it would seem that the policeman has the enviable advantage of a fifteen-year start. During this period, at the rate of £150 a year, he receives as pension a sum which approximates to £2,250.

Arrangements should be made for the absorption of retired policemen into State departments, both central and municipal, to fill positions as watchmen, commissionaires and caretakers. The employment would continue up to sixty-five years of age, being then terminated by official retirement.

Brixton

A. BLACKBURN

THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE

SIR,—Your criticism of the Round Table Conference on the ground that it does not provide for adequate representation of the agricultural masses is fully justified. It may be difficult to find spokesmen for the voiceless millions, but it is a scandal that only the politically minded ten per cent. of India should be consulted when great constitutional changes are being made. Unfortunately it is only a continuation of past policy, for the agriculturists have never been considered when decisions have been taken on matters of policy, and particularly when protection in the interests of Bombay capitalists was foisted on India.

Your complaint that similarly British commerce is inadequately represented is more questionable. That the merchant adventurers who have done so much to develop India's natural resources should be strongly represented is obvious, but four delegates are all that could reasonably be given in view of the number of

other interests that had to be provided for. Last year three European gentlemen, all of whom had been suggested by the Chambers of Commerce and the European Association, were nominated by the Viceroy. This year the Chambers of Commerce were invited to select a purely commercial representative of their own, and he has been added to the Conference.

"CALCUTTA"

THE SHAKESPEARE-OXFORD PROBLEM

SIR,—In his review, in your last issue, of Mr. A. M. Clark's book upon Thomas Heywood, Mr. A. P. Nicholson writes:

Perhaps it is not too late to commend this wholesale treatment to the amusing people who are now concentrating on Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, as the real Shakespeare.

May I, as one of those "amusing people," inform Mr. Nicholson that it is too late; since the group-theory of Shakespearean authorship is held already, not only by such orthodox Stratfordian scholars as Mr. J. M. Robertson, but also by most of the growing body of Oxfordians, including Dr. Gilbert Slater, D.Sc., F.R.H.S., etc., whose book, 'Seven Shakespeares,' will shortly be published by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

Concerning the Oxford theory, may I retort that, if Mr. Nicholson—as is probably the case—has not carefully studied the ever-accumulating mass of evidence pointing ruthlessly towards Edward de Vere as "Shakespeare," his opinion, with all respect, is worthless. If, on the contrary, after duly reading and pondering that evidence, he still finds it merely amusing, in the sense of ridiculous, the fault, I suggest to him, must lie with his own want of penetration, and his complete failure to perceive the cogency of innumerable inferences, which, argued in a Court of Justice, would, as we believe, speedily convince any competent judge or intelligent jury.

Your contributor, in common with many of our opponents, seems to be wholly unaware of the trend of events in modern Shakespearean research. The sequel, however, will probably inform and disillusion him before long.

PERCY ALLEN

99 Corringham Road, N.W.11

'THE VERY STONES'

SIR,—It is the recognized prerogative of an Editor to cut "matter"; but I venture to consider that when the lines omitted deprive all that follows of point or coherence the suffering author is entitled to a mild protest.

For the enlightenment of those of your readers who have been kind enough to read my humble fantasy and puzzled at the pointlessness of the conclusion, may I ask to be permitted to supply the missing link which should be inserted towards the conclusion of the last column, between the words: "The words of the unknown speaker came slowly" and "Tense silence reigned."

Mr. President . . . I should like to put one question before we decide. To the eloquent testimony you have borne touching the scant regard paid to our claims and feelings, I might justly add my own. To use one of their abominable new phrases, it would, perhaps, be a very fine "gesture" to come to our unhappy friends in the sequel to their short-skirted infatuation; but we have ourselves to consider also. . . . If they give us votes, will they make us pay income-tax? . . . It seems to me we're about the only ones overlooked so far. Whether, Mr. President, it would be wise. . . . He glanced round.

Nonsense; but nonsense without which what follows becomes pointless.

H. F. SMALMAN-SMITH

St. Mary's Terrace, W.2

NEW NOVELS

BY H. C. HARWOOD

John Mistletoe. By Christopher Morley. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Crutch. By Seton Peacey. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

The Secret Veld. By E. Carey Slater. Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d.

The Hanging of Constance Hillier. By Sidney Fowler (S. Fowler Wright). Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

PROBABLY 'John Mistletoe' should not be reviewed on this page, since all the characters are real and only the chief one pseudonymous, but in electing to give his memoirs in this form Mr. Morley seems to invite a franker treatment of his personality than if he had I—I'd his way through a padded fifteen-bob autobiography, complete with illustrations. So let us still any private suspicions we may have that Mistletoe is Mr. Christopher Morley himself, and regard him as the product of man's creative imagination, not God's.

Mistletoe is the cultured American gentleman whom in real life one meets often enough, but in fiction, even American fiction, rarely if at all. He is neither a simpering Anglomaniac, a sort of impotent Henry James, nor is he a refugee in Paris, where, undisturbed by informed criticism, he may by the omission of capital letters, punctuation or coherence win for himself a transitory repute. No, he loves England, but this side idolatry. His favourite cities are Oxford and New York, though he sees that the former is being spoilt by lack of civic pride. With a strong hold on tradition, the stronger because his Europe includes France and Germany, too, he is excited by the stupendous upheaval of raw vitality that has built at the mouth of the Hudson River the strangest monuments since Babel's tower collapsed. One foot is planted on an ageing world, one on an adolescent. Two beauties are seen by Mistletoe, seen together, but not reconciled. Temperament, and the shadow cast on his childhood by academic groves, point him to the past, and the last words of this book are: "Perhaps it was like him, perhaps it was like us all—kissing the footprint where life had been, missing life itself." But this life, this hastening speed, this numbing clangour, this uprush of thousand-foot offices, drive Mistletoe, while admiring them, to revive in a derelict theatre forgotten melodramas.

Primarily, however, Mistletoe is a literary man, and it is to Walt Whitman and Shakespeare that he turns in the hope of finding a synthesis to contain and resolve his doubts. Somewhere, too, he writes, or has written for him: "To think of Oxford, alone and from far, is to be thrilled as one is thrilled in reading Donne or Milton or Sir Thomas." That is all wrong, and Mistletoe, after three years of New College, three excellent years, 1910-13, should have known better. Many have written in varying intensity of sentiment about Oxford, but the truth about it is to be found by attending at Paddington Station on the October day when the new year starts. Add to that Mistletoe's own glimpse of a clergyman in the Broad with a white beard and a black straw hat, a belated punt in summer whispering down the Cher to Magdalen Bridge, the Secretary of the O.U. Communist Society reading the minutes of the last meeting, and the howls in the High of Old Etonians who would not be offended if a stranger thought them partially intoxicated. Not even Arnold has put Oxford in print between boards. As an American, Mistletoe, for all his nicety of judgment, saw Oxford through a library window, as a survival. In fact, it is a spring of proud and ambitious youth, playing on stones that, however Gothic in appearance, date back to Aristotle,

or to whoever first, Centaur, pedagogue, snubbed the ephemeral student with things that cannot die.

Mr. Morley has written a beautiful book; most beautiful, as was only to be expected in its accounts of Mistletoe's childhood, spent in the 'nineties at Haverford, where apparently his father was some sort of don; and green ways and Quaker simplicity left upon his memory an ineradicable mark. His gentle quips I would call "whimsical" if that word had not become almost as degraded as "clever." Occasionally I found the account of Mistletoe's journalistic career impeded by a welter of names unknown to the British reader, but that can be put up with for the sake of the rest, the familiar. Mr. Morley is not a great writer, or as yet has not shown himself so, but his stuff is always, as it were, haunted by greatness, and never more closely than in this queer, dishevelled, unpretentious miscellany.

'Crutch' is the first novel of a very young man, its publishers say, and some thanks are due to Mr. Peacey because he never obtrudes his cleverness nor tries by indecency to divert attention from his inexperience. The theme is the decline of the aristocracy. The Contessa Valletti represents that assurance of her own importance which is so rare in contemporary châtelines. Her will reserves from the handling of her objectionable heir the Yellow Room, the treasures of which are committed to the charge of the vicar. To reinforce the claims of aristocracy Mr. Peacey twice, and neither time with success, introduces the supernatural, and so crudely caricatures the heir that all likeness seems lost. His imagination, however, is delicate, and when warmed by sympathy is capable of presenting two excellent beings in Langton and Mendelyov. The dialogue is dull and stilted. That does not matter as much as it would in a more conventional novel, for the author's technique is that of the modern cinema, but I would venture to suggest to Mr. Peacey that he should more clearly study the ring and rhythm of the conversation he hears about him. This queer book is a good book, and if it contains more ideas than the author has had scope to elaborate, we are happy to think that he has many years before him in which to realize his ambitions.

Mr. Slater has some excellent stories to tell, but is handicapped by his appalling style, the pompously indirect and pretentiously allusive. Here are consummations devoutly to be wished, and while people are "inordinately proud," their rage is "ungovernable," and they carry with them a volume that is "a guide, a philosopher and a friend," to the "open-mouthed admiration" of a "blithe young creature." We even have the statement that "Mrs. Goldie wore a certain article of clothing not usually mentioned in polite society, not habitually worn by members of the gentle sex, and said to be extremely difficult to obtain from a Highlandman!" Behind this cloud of clichés are some really good things. 'Wonderful Women' in its restrained irony ranks with the short stories the 'nineties liked so much, though it does contain that awful euphemism about Mrs. Goldie wearing the breeches. The Kaffir studies are shrewd and lively. As for Oom Mias—but a little more energy was required to make him an Afrikander Eugenspiel. 'The Secret Veld,' this book is called. If South Africans persist in writing as well as this about their country the Veld will soon be less secret than Shepherd's Bush. Mr. Slater, however, himself writes far too little. He might settle down to some Bantu legends. As he would say, that is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The trouble with Mr. Fowler Wright is that his invention carries him beyond his purpose. He overdoes it. He goes past himself. 'The Hanging of Constance Hillier' is an excellent story of crime, for the most part comparable with that classic 'Malice Aforethought.' But the sanguinary climax is forced and irrelevant.

REVIEWS

A WANTED BOOK

The Complete Poems of John Skelton. Edited by Philip Henderson. Dent. 10s. 6d.

A POPULAR edition of John Skelton: it seems too good to be true! Since the standard edition of Dyce (1843), which is now almost unobtainable, the laureate of Oxford and Cambridge, the tutor of young Henry VIII, though once praised by men so severally removed as Caxton, Erasmus, and Coleridge, and with detractors conspicuous enough to balance them, has generally been overlooked or lived, at best, a precarious name in the anthologies, until Mr. Richard Hughes produced his welcome selection seven years ago. Those, like myself, who pounced upon Mr. Hughes's volume, could agree with him that Skelton belonged to the future, that this century would make amends for the animadversion of Pope, and will understand why Skelton was so little to the taste of most people in the nineteenth century. Since Mr. Hughes persuaded Messrs. Heinemann to publish his selection, a complete edition has often been talked of. Prospective editors and publishers have frequently discussed the matter in my hearing, but the honour has fallen to Messrs. Dent, and it is fit that its editor should be a young poet, such as Mr. Philip Henderson. All lovers of poetry will be profoundly grateful for this fat and charmingly produced volume at a price, too, as things go, less than most books of its class.

Skelton to-day is not a dead classic. He is even an active force. The current of influence that has already left delicious eddies in the early verse of Mr. Robert Graves will not subside, and we may indulge the hope of Mr. Hughes that, in twenty years or so, we may possibly find a producer for Skelton's interlude, 'Magnificent.' If he could be trusted not to stylize it too much, Sir Nigel Playfair might forestall this prospect; but it is time to return to the poems that we have at last.

Born about 1460 in Norfolk, John Skelton won a reputation for scholarship at both universities, where the degree of poet laureate was conferred on him, and soon passed to the court where he became young Prince Henry's tutor. When Wolsey was chaplain to Henry VII, Skelton must have met him; in 1498 the poet took orders and later, on becoming rector of Diss, in his native county, he made Wolsey and abuses among the clergy the subject of savage satires, eventually having to take refuge from the Cardinal's wrath in the sanctuary of Westminster, where he died in 1529. He seems to have been suspended for "keeping a fair wench" in his house, and defended his conduct with spirit according to legend. For the rest, he is the link between Chaucer and the return of the Muses with Wyatt.

In that dull interval Skelton wrote poetry that it is hard to appraise, for those with no ear call it doggerel, and those with an ear may react by praising it too much. Except in his lively reaction against the dull poetry of the court, he preserves rather the fresh humour of the Middle Ages than heralds the Elizabethan spring. His satires have led some admirers to call him a reformer of his age, and in his personal relations he seems to have been boisterous, quarrelsome and irrepressible. A scholar who would not confine himself to dull rhyme royal or to dry allegorical moralizing, Skelton somehow preserved the gipsy freshness of the unidentified ballad-writers. An instrument, a fine form, was what he lacked, but his original genius is shown in the miracles he accomplished on the little flageolet of his favourite metre. He is a master of helter-skelter rhymes, a genius of jingle, and so naturally a poet that we recognize a prince of poetry in the rags even of his verse. Too

much a poet to write in the dull convention expected of a learned clerk, his instinct caused him to doff his gown and to wear the tatters of the verse that stalked alive among the people. With a choice so limited, idiom was the life of literature to him, and his ear and skill are such that some of us feel him to be nearer to Herrick than to 'Hudibras.' I never read Skelton's 'Philip Sparrow' without thinking of Herrick and Catullus, and is there anything more than the difference between a polished and a rustic perfection in

Lugete, O veneres cupidinesque

and Skelton's poem on the same theme, the death of a sparrow:

It was so pretty a fool,
It would sit on a stool,
And learned after my school
For to keep his cut, [distance]
With "Philip, keep your cut!"
It had a velvet cap,
And would sit on my lap,
And seek after small worms,
And sometime whitebread-crumbes;
And many times and oft,
Between my breastes soft
It would lie and rest;
It was proper and prest! [neat]

He knew his own poetic plight, for the nun lamenting her bird says:

Our natural tongue is rude,
And hard to be ennewed
With polished termes lusty;
Our language is so rusty,
So cankered and so full
Of froward, and so dull,
That if I would apply
To write ornately,
I wot not where to find
Terms to serve my mind—

since, he goes on to imply, the death of Chaucer. Yet how it sings, and how the form of such a low-life tissue of images as 'The Tunning of Elinor Rummung' shapes the matter as fine drawing will ennoble a sketch by Hogarth or one of Gillray's caricatures. One itches to add to these inevitable quotations, but the right reader will respond to Skelton immediately or not at all. Mr. Henderson, whose own preface is surprisingly well balanced for the admirer of an underestimated poet, puts in a timely word for Skelton's one essay in drama: "As for 'Magnificence' . . . it is not, perhaps, generally recognized that Skelton was the first professional man of letters to adopt the drama as a literary form" by freeing the interlude from generalities and stiff allegory.

There is something in Skelton's spirit and in his poetry itself congenial to the young in the twentieth century. Like him, they can combine mockery with seriousness, be sensitive and rude, enjoy rebellious instincts without a blunted sensitiveness to the innocence of what is left of religion, nature, or the arcadian beauty of primitive art. The uncapturable simplicity of the Tudor musicians and of Elizabethan song-books has become sacred to mechanically tortured ears; and the idiom killed by two generations of compulsory education seems to us the one Common of our language that the journalists have not appropriated, littered with rubbish, and enclosed. Skelton's satires do not matter now as instruments of criticism or reform. We may prize them, in their subjects, for their pictures of his time, but we prize them more for their combination of form with freedom, their fine invention with humble means, and for the clean imagination that could use any material without misgiving. Even in technique, Skelton's poetry has a quality which, if we cannot rightly define, we feel the want of and are hungry for. Because he can give it to us or rather let us share it with him, we value Skelton, and thus the old criticisms of him are idle, for they were written by men glad to have no liking for such verse.

OSBERT BURDETT.

THE BEGINNINGS OF BELIEF

Garnered Sheaves. By Sir James George Frazer. Macmillan. 21s.

THE science of anthropology is scarcely older than about the middle of the nineteenth century; its birth followed almost immediately the promulgation of the evolution theory by Darwin and Wallace. The connexion was a causal one, and no accident. So long as man was regarded as being somehow cut off from the rest of nature, it seemed blasphemous to search for a natural origin to his religious and ethical beliefs and practices. But as soon as man had become a subject for scientific research, his mental as well as his physical make-up was bound to be examined, and explanations in terms of origin sought for. Hence anthropology is commonly, and on the whole rightly, regarded as a science of origins—it traces our habits and beliefs back to their early beginnings.

Anthropology can hardly be accused of dullness, and it suffers from no poverty of material. It investigates the origins of language, of the arts, of society, of morality, of religion. For example, it asks: How did man discover the use of fire? How come to tame wild animals? How did he hit upon the idea of sowing seed, and waiting for the crop? How did men come to herd together? Is the human animal by nature gregarious or solitary? Was there once a complete communism of women, and was marriage first concerned with individuals or with groups, and if with groups, what was the relation of parents to their children? Was primitive government despotic, or oligarchic, or democratic? How did private property originate? How did men learn to form and use abstract ideas? What were their notions of causality? How did they come to believe in the existence of gods and spirits, and in the existence and survival of the soul? Some of these questions have a more than antiquarian interest. Their solution might facilitate the work of the legislator and social reformer. Perhaps every member of Parliament, every doctor, every clergyman, and every lawyer should take a course in anthropology. The science is certainly a great solvent of prejudices; it does not refute our superstitions, it explains them.

But although anthropology is a science which is full of interest, it is, like modern psychology, inclined to damage our self-esteem. It tends to suggest not only that civilization and barbarism are more closely linked than we like to think, but also that large elements in a modern community stand at the moral, spiritual and cultural level of the primitive savage. Sir James Frazer endorses Renan's formula, that humanity has advanced not frontally but "en échelon." It is not only that the different races stand at different cultural levels, but equally wide gaps exist between the individuals of a single race or community. Even to-day, perhaps, the educated minority has small inkling of the mental state of the majority. "The two great historical influences that have moulded our modern civilization—the Roman Empire and Christianity—have left hardly a trace in the genuine beliefs and customs of the folk. Christianity has slightly changed the nomenclature, and that is all." In fact rationalists are altogether too optimistic when they suppose that the abolition of Christianity would be followed immediately by an age of enlightenment. On the contrary, it is perhaps more likely that it would be followed by a revival of primitive superstition. In fact, the prudent rationalist, even if he did not believe in Christianity, would support it as being a sort of anti-toxin to the noxious delusions which otherwise might rear their heads everywhere.

True, the Church sometimes panders to popular superstitions, though this is dangerous policy if carried too far. As an example of this we have the revolting ceremony performed by the ecclesiastical authorities of Athens on Christmas Day, 1916, when the

Metropolitan of Athens solemnly excommunicated a bull's head, which represented the body of the exiled Venizelos, and then cast the first stone at it, while the crowd which followed did likewise. This bit of ritual provided anthropologists with the most remarkable instance on record of the survival in Europe amid the forms of civilization of a magic ritual common to savages all over the world. Anthropologists will hope that the warm understanding which at present subsists between the Orthodox Greek and Anglican Churches may provide them with new material by leading to the revival of similar quaint practices among ourselves. Biblical precedent can easily be found; for example, the cursing of David by Shimei, who ran along casting stones (2 Samuel xvi. 5-13). Yet it would appear that a curse is sometimes advantageous. Sir James Frazer tells us that when a Greek sower sowed cummin he had to curse and swear all the time he did so, otherwise the crop would not turn out well. Similarly, Esthonian fishermen think that they never have such good luck as when somebody is angry with them and curses them—every curse brings at least three fishes into the net.

It is surprising how much more interesting both Greek and Semitic legends become to us, familiar as they are, when interpreted by the anthropologist. Homer tells us that Ares, the god of war, was shut up by Otus and Ephialtes for thirteen months in a brazen pot—a proceeding not easy to explain. It appears, however, that the inhabitants of a certain island off New Guinea, when they go to war inveigle the god of war (whose usual habitat is a tall tree) into a basket, and carry him with them on their expedition. This ensures his co-operation, and when the war is over he is not let out of the basket until he has promised to come with them next time. Thus Ares was not kept prisoner, as has been the usual explanation, in order that men might beat their spears into pruning hooks, but in order to ensure his being on the right side in battle. The tale is reminiscent of the days when the Greeks "potted" their war-god, and carried him to battle, as the Jews did theirs in the sacred Ark or box. And at Rome, the reason why the gates of the temple of Janus were shut in peace and open in war, was that an imprisoned god is there when his services are needed, so that when the crisis comes, you have only to unlock the door, and he will come with you.

J. C. HARDWICK

THE CRUMBLING OF ROME

The End of the Ancient World and the Beginnings of the Middle Ages. By Ferdinand Lot. Kegan Paul. 21s.

THE books in 'The History of Civilization,' already remarkable for their wide scope and learning, include a French series in which Prof. Chapot discussed two years ago 'The Roman World' and Prof. Lot now explains its decline and fall. He is a master of lucid and vigorous narrative as well as erudition, and though the main interest naturally belongs to the greater men and issues, while the wars of the barbarians who produced no outstanding genius are bound to be dull, his arrangement in three parts makes the best of the business. History is inquiry, not certainty, and the sources on which scholars have to rely for the decline of Rome are mediocre or suspect. We have pagans like Vopiscus and Christians like Lactantius, of whom as a flatterer of Constantine Gibbon remarked that he was "much more perspicuous and positive than it becomes a discreet prophet."

Some of Prof. Lot's most effective pages deal with the economic retrogression which was a main source of Rome's decay and coincided with the corruption of

public spirit and decadence in art and literature. Rome practised gross usury but had no commercial policy; large fortunes were not used as fructifying capital; and big landowners lived on their estates and turned away from public duties. We seem to be in our own times when we read of the pernicious influence of games, of base subjection to the State, of a population kept in artificial splendour by the distribution of provisions and consuming more than it ever attempted to produce. Such comparisons are scorned by some scholars—perhaps because they make their books more readable—but if history is to have no lessons for us to-day, its learned investigations are of little use to the world, and practical people like Mr. Ford can call it "bunk."

The Roman State was not adapted to the government of a vast empire. Even the once valiant Roman army, which chose and killed off Emperors, declined, and it is significant that as early as the fourth century *barbarus* became a synonym for *miles*. A sound historian and divine, the late Dr. Figgis, who appears in the Bibliography as "Figgio," once wrote frankly that no one would have expected Christianity to survive. In fact, Caesar was in the end generally beaten by Peter, but at what a cost! The Christian progress produced a diarchy of pagan rulers, threatening disaster in this world and Christian authorities destruction in the next. Prof. Lot describes hagiography as "a low form of literature, like the serial novel of our days," and writes of Christianity as an "internal malady." No candid inquirer can forget the dissensions and exacerbations due to Arius and Athanasius and other furious champions of heresies and orthodoxies. The conversion of Constantine was a great event for history, like his choice of the new capital. Prof. Lot maintains that it was due less to policy than personal conviction. He calls the foundation of Constantinople a "sheer enigma." The idea of moving to Troy had already, according to Suetonius, occurred to Julius Caesar, and good reasons for the site can be alleged with Gibbon, but what settled Constantine's choice we do not know. Rarely in history can we get behind the psychology of a man and be sure of his motives. An equal doubt attends the vision of Clovis, who united the Frankish populations in one people. Civilization owes a great deal to the vigorous Romanism of Gaul, and a little history of it would outweigh all that the decriers of Rome have written about their profligate world of slaves.

Greek, by the time of Justinian, had made great inroads on Latin, and the author makes a rather intemperate attack on classicism, which, he asserts, nearly killed literature a hundred and fifty years ago through desiccation. But Rousseau, proclaimed as the saviour, promoted the sentimentalism which has gone far to destroy just values in life and letters. Greek imitation certainly reduced the quality of art, but when the Professor remarks that Roman artists went on repeating their subjects, we recall a Roman museum in England which presents an admirable reproduction of the Black Briony with its heart-shaped leaves, an instance of happy originality that may be commended to the sadly restricted designers of to-day.

Throughout there is much reference to other volumes in the series and to foreign scholars and translations. Thus we cannot trace in the English rendering, which evidently differs from the French, a citation of Friedlaender. An English book would quote Newman for Arianism and pay more attention to Bury. In an interesting list of barbarian additions to language "forest" is included. French and English etymologists agree in deriving the word from *foris*, "out of doors." The "forest" is an open piece of ground over which the rights of game are preserved, not enclosed like the *parcus*. As in some of our forests to-day, it does not necessarily imply large trees.

VERNON RENDALL

MODERN MOOD

Theism and the Modern Mood. By Walter Marshall Horton. S.C.M. Press. 2s. 6d.

SINCE the war the younger generation seems to have passed through all the phases of the philosophical thinking of four centuries. It is, therefore, desirable that we should have in handy form a kind of compendium of the ideas of an ever-changing mood. Even then we may not know where we are, but at least we may have some material wherewith to decide either that all is vanity, or that possibly something is worth while.

This little book, published under the admirable auspices of the Student Christian Movement Press, originated in America, and it seems as if serious thinkers there have been forced to face the challenge of the "Modern Mood" (thanks for the phrase—it suits the circumstances better than "mind"!)—even more urgently than in England.

The consequence is that the author has accepted the modern mood of thought as the outcome of thought throughout the centuries—a sensibly scientific thing to do—and has thus placed the modern problem in its true setting. Faith in the unseen, in God—the God of Theism—has evidently declined. At least, if the work of Mr. Lippmann and of Mr. Krutch is to be taken as evidence, we have reached now a quite definite period of crisis, when either we must reconstruct a conception of God which may be, essentially, like the old one, or may be something different; alternatively, we shall go on without, in the future, an idea corresponding to the idea of God in the past.

Mr. Horton is convinced that we need the God of the Christian. He realizes that we have outgrown many old philosophical systems—or, rather, found them wanting. He finds the humanism of Dietrich, and others, wanting also. And from that position, by a most interesting discussion, he constructs what is essentially the Christian Thesis. "Sooner or later, I believe, the stuffy subjectivism of modern philosophic thought—an evil inheritance from Descartes, which Kant only fastened upon us in his endeavour to shake it off—is destined to give way to a more confidently realistic philosophy, which will reunite facts and value . . ." The philosophy of value, in some sense, has come to stay, and, obviously, it must have its standard. Mr. Horton must be reckoned with.

BITTERNESS

The Way of Bitterness. By Princess Peter Wolkonsky. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

IT may be suggested that we have had as many personal narratives of escape from Soviet Russia as the adventure warrants. Of Princess Peter Wolkonsky's book, which is one of the latest contributions to a large series, the most graphic part is perhaps the title. The whole record is full of bitterness, a bitterness that is unredeemed; there is no suggestion from the first page to the last that the revolution in Russia was the ripe, evil fruit of bad government. The Princess herself may have suffered a little from neurasthenia. She talks of the time when she was waiting to return to her husband imprisoned in Russia and "smoked cigarette after cigarette, or spent days in church on her knees before the miracle-working image of the Virgin." Her state accounts for the lack of balance which attaches almost an equal importance to the destruction of

historic houses by the vandals of the new movement, and the loss of a box of provisions by theft. But the Princess admits that she always stops to see dogs fighting in the street, that she crosses to the other side of the road when she spies a beggar, and never watches an aeroplane without hoping that she may see it crash. While she reveals herself as a woman of courage, tenacity of purpose, and considerable honesty, few would have travelled so far as she has gone along the road of self-revelation.

Her story itself is a simple one. She escaped from Russia, leaving her husband in prison, she returned to Russia in order to effect his rescue, and succeeded. One or two amusing incidents relieve pages that similar recitals have rendered commonplace. When Moscow was infected with vermin, the streets were covered with enormous placards—"Is the louse going to conquer Communism?" The Princess adds, "and the passers-by sent up a silent prayer to Heaven that the monsters would destroy each other." She tells us, too, how the Soviet decreed that every woman about to marry must have a few yards of dress material free of charge, and how in a short time a class of women sprang up whose only occupation lay in extracting as many yards as possible from the State by marrying and getting divorce, quickly and often.

Her husband was released by the kindness of one of the Soviet authorities, the notorious Dzerjinsky, sometime head of the Tcheka, but he received few thanks for his kindness; in short, the weakness of this book lies in subservience to its title.

SILLY SUFFOLK

Blithe Waters. By B. Granville Baker.
Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

IF districts or counties are articulate, what, we wonder, is their vehicle of speech? With the utmost wish to put on charity we cannot, for example, believe that those who talk of the "English Riviera," or would have us go to Peebles for "pleasure," voice the deep heart of the country: nor can we believe that the rivalry of the self-appointed champions of districts and provinces—who usually predispose a stranger against the county extolled—are blowing the trumpet with other than an uncertain sound. Devon was unhandisomely served in this respect, Sussex suffers from it now and Yorkshire is crossed with a like adversity, Worcestershire and Westmorland are not free from danger; fate dragged the unoffending town of Criccieth into the arena of party politics, and the *Morning Post* performed a like service for Churt, Surrey, while Lossiemouth hovers on the brink of the same abyss. The English countryside may well seek deliverance from its friends, whose zeal for rural beauty would deprive it of electricity with the one hand, while with the other they bestrew it plentifully with the by-products of the manufacturers of sweets and tobacco.

But the writer who sets to work with the implacable resolve to extract humour from the local history is more terrible than these: every county has its jester, as well as its archæological society. The victim in the present case is Suffolk, and it would be hardly possible to find a form of expression less characteristic or worthy of that intensely English countryside. There are those who contend that the East Anglians have little humour: fun they will admit, excellent gifts as raconteurs and for drama, but wit, they say, has passed them by. This is an academic point and beside the present case, for whether it be humour or fun, barring the archæologists, their interest in researches into the past is lukewarm, and jokes quarried out of history are likely to receive only the meed of some melodious tear.

Yet here is a people and a county who are steeped and moulded in the past. No great gulf divides the past from the present, modern progress has not changed this county so much as it has been absorbed by it: the old houses and villages, the churches, the trees, the winding high-banked lanes, the waterways, the markets and fairs, are not retained as memorials of bygone days, but as the ways and means of the present generation. They speak as their fathers spoke, oral tradition is the best-known history, rumour is still the swiftest messenger. We believe that Mr. Baker appreciates all this, however inadequately he has brought it out. The names in his book bring back dreamy days in a land of old sun-baked brick cottages, cool grey churches, where the blue heat haze rises from the still waters of the estuaries and mild-flowing rivers, and where in the summer day "trees crowd into a shade."

AN IMPRESSION OF TURNER

Turner: A Speculative Portrait. By Walter Bayes. Bles. 10s. 6d.

THE problem of the artist and his private life is always an engaging one. We may say, generously, does it matter what a man does with his spare time provided he paints well? Art is one thing, morality is another. This is the modern point of view. It is one that has become so elastic in its tolerance as to throw a glamour over genius, for there are not a few people who will admire an artist because he is equally gifted as Caliban or Casanova or Falstaff. They like versatility.

So far have we travelled, then, from Victorian prudence, which exacted, at least, some outward respect for the ideal of good conduct, and when it failed to find it in a celebrity, was discreet or clever

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or hypocritical enough not to mention the matter. The least said the soonest mended was the biographical attitude of the last century, and if it kept heroes on their pedestals, it made extremely dull reading. Time has its revenges, and some of these heroes, thanks to the candour of the moment, have been put into pillories, which makes biography amusing. Is it not more common for humanity to scoff than to praise? But some of our contemporaries have gone too far in this direction.

The personality and achievement of Turner still hold us spellbound. He was an Englishman who won his right to stand among the greatest masters, although to the precious few he is only interesting in so far as he anticipated the impressionists and even post-impressionists in certain of his paintings.

Turner is said to have made £140,000 out of his work. If art can ever be measured in terms of finance, he deserved it. He was a remarkable figure, whether he was staying at Petworth with Lord Egremont, or indulging in less aristocratic pleasures near Wapping Old Stairs. It is this latter part of his life and character which forms the basis of Mr. Walter Bayes's speculative portrait. Mr. Bayes, being a penetrating artist in words as well as in paint, gives us perhaps the truest study of the man so far attempted. He traces the effect of a broken romance on the sensitive and youthful Turner, and develops a view of the artist's life which is most illuminating. The double, treble or quadruple existences which Turner led now assume an importance as showing the influence they had on the painter's work and methods.

The fact that Turner was the son of a barber, that he preferred low company to high, that he was invariably secretive and often combative and irascible may be details, but they are details that throw a light on his art. They prove that he who had the technical and inspirational ability to do all things in painting could not have been a fashionable portrait-artist as was Reynolds. Compromise as he might in the drawing-rooms of his Victorian patrons, and attempt to please them, he was determined to live his own life, and when he was not diverting himself in the East End, playing the retired "Admiral" at Chelsea, love-making at Hammersmith, or listening to his aged father at Queen Anne's Gate, he was doing those landscapes which have made him immortal.

THE CONSTITUTION

An Introduction to British Constitutional Law.
By A. Berriedale Keith. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

THIS book succeeds in compressing a great deal of valuable information into a small space and will be of great value to those who wish to understand the fundamental principles upon which our Empire is governed. No book on the subject nowadays is likely to be quite up to date. Dr. Keith's book was apparently completed shortly after the publication of the Simon Report on India, and the author's assumptions about the reception of that report read strangely now after the Round Table Conference. There are a few inaccuracies and misleading statements—the use of the words "Common Law" on p. 28 might mislead students; the Attorney-General was first made a Cabinet Minister in Lord Reading's time, not in 1924; disputed claims for Unemployment Benefit since 1930 go direct to Courts of Referees and cannot be decided by managers of Employment Exchanges. But these are details, as is also the author's statement that "the Prime Minister's office must remain in the Commons." The latter was an excellent excuse against Lord Curzon's appointment, but many doubt if it has become seriously part of our constitutional practice.

Dr. Keith well emphasizes the absence of any

theoretical check upon the House of Commons since the Parliament Act. This is one of the most serious constitutional questions of the time, one about which the late Lord Birkenhead frequently warned us. Again, the absence of proper methods of financial control by the House of Commons is admirably emphasized, but Dr. Keith does not question the merits of the time-honoured rule that the Second Chamber must not deal with financial legislation. Present tendencies in the House of Commons have made our constitutional theory in this matter (evolved under quite different circumstances than those of to-day) a grim anachronism. On the subject of our present methods of taking legal proceedings against the Crown, Dr. Keith is technically accurate, if not comforting. Sir Leslie Scott's recent address on the Rule of Law showed the need for reform on this question. Dr. Keith writes of the "salutary influence" of the judiciary over Government Departments, but he makes no reference to the appalling cost of proceedings before the judiciary, a subject on which also Sir Leslie Scott's recent address was illuminating. The author's remark that since the Savidge case "the limits on police interrogation of witnesses . . . have distinctly hampered that force in carrying out its duty," are sadly true. The whole question needs to be reopened.

The difficulties that will arise from the new conceptions of Dominion status are emphasized, and Dr. Keith's remarks on the subject should be read carefully; also his statement as to how the question of Dominion Self-defence is linked up with the new constitutional status. On the subject of the Indian Princes this book seems somewhat meagre, as it does not deal adequately with these grave constitutional complaints against the paramount power. But Dr. Keith must have been hard pressed to reduce his work to 225 pages, so criticism as to inadequacy on any point must be sparingly made.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Standard Natural History. Edited by W. P. Pycraft. Warne. 15s.

THIS splendid volume is an example of popular natural history at its best. Mr. Pycraft, well known for his work at the Natural History Museum, has been assisted by a large number of writers, each of whom is an expert in his own field. There is nothing cheap about it except the price, which is marvellously low in view of the thousand pages of text, 900 illustrations, and a dozen colour plates; and though it does not profess to be technical in the sense of the great Cambridge Natural History, which is frankly for experts, it is very far ahead of the old popular natural history books of one's boyhood in its details, planning, and general description.

Manipulation as a Curative Factor: Osteopathy and Medicine. By Ethel Mellor. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

IT is a stumbling-block in medicine that the art of healing should be at once a science and a monopoly, a secret society and a trades union, and that consequently it profoundly distrusts and resents information of any kind, however valuable, acquired and proffered by workers outside its own organization. It is to the public interest that the professional side of medicine should be maintained, and probably that it should be conservative in temperament, for were its practice open to all, charlatanism would be rampant, and it might easily itself become rashly experimental. At the same time it is in the public interest that when men and women outside the profession have something of real value to contribute to its practice, they should not only be given a hearing, but the trial should be open, and the judgment agreeable to the nature of the evidence. In the present book we have the case of osteopathy stated at considerable length by a practitioner of the new method; and the medical profession clearly must disprove the evidence and refute the argument, or accept the method into its practice, giving due honour to its inventors and practitioners.

Did Homer Live? By Victor Berard. Translated by Brian Rhys. Dent. 6s.

M. BERARD has here done for the Odyssey what Mr. Bowra has recently done for the Iliad—proclaimed it the great poetry of a great poet. He goes indeed farther than Mr. Bowra ventured, for he maintains that Homer could read and write, and that the script from which he read and in which he wrote was the Phœnician. He holds that the tales of the sea, from which Homer and earlier poets gathered their material, were the tales of Phœnician voyagers, and that the mythology of the Odyssey may be traced to Hellenic elaborations of actual travellers' tales, and poetic interpretations of Semitic place-names. It is a fascinating study of the early Mediterranean that M. Berard has given us, though he is perhaps a little too insistent on a predominating Phœnician element in the Odyssey. For instance, he comments on the peaceful way in which Odysseus goes on shore, so unlike the marauding Achæan way, so like the way of the Phœnician trader; but, after all, Odysseus was not leading a pirate host but a handful of war-weary men anxious to get home; and he was the wiliest of the Greeks. But apart from that, the Cretans seem to have been traders rather than pirates, and the tales may have had a Cretan origin. However, M. Berard makes out a

good case for close contact between Ionia and Tyre, and for a knowledge of Phœnician sea-lore on the part of the poet. But why does he claim that the historicity of the Odyssey is more firmly established than that of the Iliad? The historicity of both is highly conjectural; but the Iliad surely may be the record of an event, as Professor Gordon Childe, when considering the Trojan confederacy in the light of Hittite records, has pointed out; while the Odyssey, even on M. Berard's showing, can be but a poetic elaboration of travellers' tales.

Sully, Colbert, and Turgot. By Eleanor C. Lodge. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

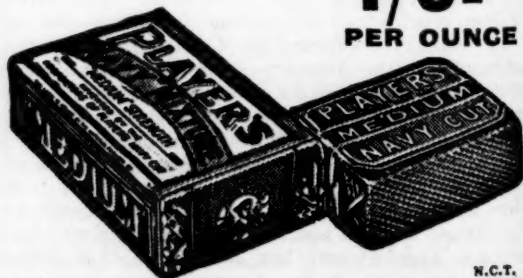
MISS LODGE is to be congratulated upon a book that should make an equal appeal to the general reader and to the student of French history. Her work covers the social and economic development of France from Louis XII down to the Revolution, and her knowledge of the subject leaves nothing to be desired. The author is of the opinion that the Wars of Religion have been the principal cause of France's chequered career, in that the country never really recovered from them; in particular, they, and to a lesser extent, the Fronde, dealt a blow at the social structure that was very largely responsible for the catastrophe of 1789. Miss Lodge finds more to praise in Sully, and less in Colbert, than many previous historians have done, while of Turgot she speaks in the most laudatory manner, though she refuses to commit herself on the problem whether, if properly supported, he could have saved the monarchy. For the rest, Henry IV emerges with more, and Louis XIV with less, credit from the author's investigation than might have been expected, while as a key to the understanding of the political history of France this book is quite indispensable.

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Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a stamped envelope. All entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found on the last page of this issue.

This competition will close on Monday, September 28, and it is hoped to publish the result in October.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XL (EPITAPH ON A COMPETITION JUDGE)

JUDGE'S REPORT

When I opened the envelope containing the answers for this competition, and read the first twenty or so of a very numerous entry, I was conscious of a glow of pride on my own account and on account of those others who from time to time judge these competitions. How kindly the majority had been inclined towards one's failings! How mildly did they rebuke one's shortcomings! How unselfishly had they taken their disappointments! But after a while I grew suspicious and the Virgilian line, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," bade me take care lest flattery should make my feeble judgment even feebler.

With the devil put behind me, I liked the epigrammatic entries of Jumbo, Beta, and S. B. McClean; delighted in those of Maritana, Knocknarea and Sapristi; squirmed under those of Brittan Bruton, Bluebird, Ailie and Lansilion, but, whether buttered or battered, endeavoured to remain impartial. Accordingly I recommend that the first prize be awarded to Stubbs, and the second to Nemesis, though I must add that they do not deserve to get them from any judge!

FIRST PRIZE

To most obnoxious, kindly to a few,
He grew more caustic as our efforts grew,
Till God, who saw him much too good for earth,
Gave what he'd long deserved, a loftier berth.
Now every week, with fierce judicial fire,
He'll pass grim judgment on the heavenly choir,
Will criticize each cherub as he sings,
And with curt phrases clip an angel's wings.
Let not our vain regrets his course impede,
Howe'er our Muse his tonic sentence need.
No doubt he'll soon be giving God a tip
Or something more severe. Well, let him R.I.P.

STUBBS

SECOND PRIZE

He little dreamed that I should judge him dead—
Who dug the grave of all my verse—
And though he scatter'd ashes on my head,
I'll write his epitaph—no worse—
Carving, with joy, my sonnet o'er his bones;
Thus may his dying, tune the lute,
Which through his living, raised no luring tones,
Nay, almost made its music mute.
So reader, pray, if Judge thou be, reflect,
Here lies a brother just like thee,
Who resting in this tomb all unsuspect,
Blazons the lines he scorn'd to fee.

NEMESIS

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

(H.M.V.)

- C. 2200. 'Impromptu in A Flat' (Schubert). 'Vecchio Minuetto' (Sgambati). Mark Hambourg.
C. 2252. Recitative: 'Now At That Feast.' Chorus: 'Let Him be Crucified.' Recitative: 'Now From the Sixth Hour.' Chorale: 'If I should E'er Forsake Thee' (St. Matthew Passion: Bach). Westminster Abbey Special Choir, conducted by Dr. E. Bullock.
C. 2241. 'The Bartered Bride,' Fantasia (Smetana, arranged Fetras). Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Clemens Schmalstich.
D.B. 1465, 1466, 1467. Duo for Piano and Violin in A Major (Schubert). Sergei Rachmaninoff and Fritz Kreisler.
D.B. 1526. 'The Lost Chord' (Sullivan). 'Good-bye' (Tosti). Beniamino Gigli, with organ.

(COLUMBIA)

- C.B. 323. 'If I had My Time Over Again.' Waltz (Tilsley, Evans and Stanley). 'Now That I Have You.' Fox Trot (Harrison, Cato and White). Billy Cotton and his Band.
C.B. 321. 'In Old Madrid.' One Step. (Bingham and Trotter). 'In the Gloaming' Waltz. (Orred and Harrison). Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Orchestra.
C.B. 319. 'Let Love Take Care of You.' Fox Trot. (Phillips). 'If I Could Turn Back the Clock.' Fox Trot. (Leslie, Stanley and Whidden). Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Orchestra.
D.B. 568. 'Our Lodger's Such A Nice Young Man' (Murray and Barclay). 'Oh, Mr. Porter' (T. and G. le Brunn). Norah Blaney.
D.B. 563. 'Serenade' (Schubert). Serenade, 'Millions d'Arlequin' (Drigo, arranged Woodhouse). Violin Solo by Albert Sandler.
D.B. 570. 'The Royal and Ancient Game' (Clapham and Dwyer). Clapham and Dwyer.

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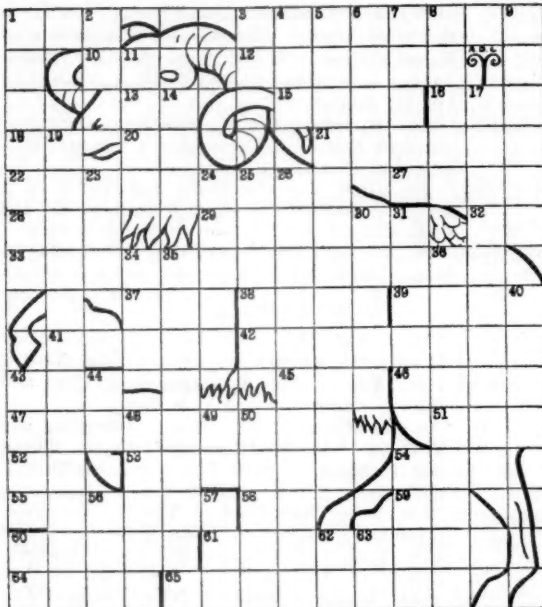
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RHYMING CROSS WORD—X

("ARIES")

By AFRIT



Across.

CLUES.

- 1 An engine, strong-scented, here plain to the eye.
- 3 Do this, *vide* Shakespeare, to folk when they die.
- 10-13 Is vulgar, but isn't (or are not, at least).
- 12 Some Terpsichorean manoeuvres out East.
- 15 Foul matter, obscenity; fungoid in seeds.
- 16 Five hundred I follows, five hundred I leads.
- 18 Seen double, a ditch that's not easily seen.
- 20 When I'm doubled my nut is a bugbear in mien.
- 21 O'ergrown with marsh-marigolds down Stratford way.
- 22 South gold, but his process was found not to pay.
- 27 I'm strong in tobacco; I formally deck.
- 28 Look back to strike oil; going back broke his neck.
- 29 Begone to a witch—move round to a cow?
- 32 A god, weight twelve ounces, will often tell how.
- 33 Unconventional crackers (with hyphen) of eggs.
- 37 This fowl lifted elephants clean off their legs.
- 38 Here anything serves, if you'll write down its name.
- 39 In me you're enraged; but I tempt all the same.
- 41 To practise, belong, when it runs the wrong way.
- 42 First cousins of ferrets, not so spelt to-day.
- 43 With 52 on denotes violent rows.
- 45 Short classical scores, mythological spouse.
- 46 French angel contorted, first half of Swiss vale.
- 47 Of certain light instruments (trebly curtail).
- 51 He travelled with donkey—he travels due west.
- 52 Makes 16 a fool by addition (old test).
- 53 I'm soft, like a compound for oven prepared.
- 54 O'er this, now grown older, the lowing herd fared.
- 55 A place or a square by buildings enlocked.
- 58-59 Tail to tail exclamations: Scots carefully docked.
- 60 I'm light to the head, but I keep off the glare.
- 61 Small streamers: in buildings inscriptions we bear.
- 64 This singular plural disfigures your nose.
- 65 Wilkie Collins of one who was this told the woes.

Down.

- 1 The Sociable Spirit; the painter of Rome.
- 2-3 I'm cast and I'm fought and I'm churned into foam.
- 4 Was wasn't and hasn't—but see 24.
- 5 A nursery hero completely restore.
- 6 Receptacle (small) for the treasures you cherish.
- 7 Profession, said Jacques, of all till they perish.
- 8 Short ungulate mammal—would serve for a pound.
- 9 Rebuts or cuts off or suppresses a sound.
- 11 A part of a part of which 14's a part.
- 14 Connotes when fantastic Terpsichore's art.
- 17 In manner degrading or tending to lower.
- 19 Sow seed and so speed is—so's said the sad sower.
- 23 At this little bourgeois you turn up your nose.
- 24-4 Rich patron of arts (he's long turned up his toes).
- 25 Greek renegade's daughter, Prince Selim her groom.
- 26 Brass musical instrument: rich is its boom.
- 30 We must wear our tails: we're perfection in dress.
- 31 Of an ethical code I held half, more or less.
- 34 This-ant is an idler (this isn't quite true).
- 35 A hyphened thirteen (Baker's, devil's eschew).

- 36 Highland Scotsmen see theirs when they look in the glass.
- 40 How Cæsar has changed! (Where's my kingdom? Alas!)
- 43 When 60 across is in use it is I.
- 44 The chosen exponent at "tig" and "I-spy."
- 48 Thin and arched are our blades: we're by carpenters used.
- 49 Here we are together phonetically fused.
- 50 Quaint Irish characters: one of a score.
- 54 Abutting on Burma; well-known in the War.
- 56 Put me in your hood, and you'll find you're a muff.
- 57 A garment in Syria; striped woollen stuff.
- 60-63 Dead grass, rent asunder, of moulding a type.
- 62 With boundary round me, I'm rotten, half ripe.

Envoi.

Unchecked letters (very few).

In GRASS PLAT are all in view.

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M	A	R	G	A	R	I	N	E	C	O	U	N	T
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P	E	N	I	T	E	N	T	I	A	R	I	E	S
C	A	R	O	L	S	C	H	A	V	L	K		
E	C	M	I	N	T	E	M	E	R	I	T	I	
A	S	P	E	N	O	T	R	I	T	E	N		
T	A	S	E	O	M	F	O	R	A	C			
B	R	E	V	E	S	A	U	R	A	U	M		
E	T	E	R	E	S	O	U	S	Y	M	A		
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Y	S	U	P	E	R	S	A	T	U	R	A	T	E

THE LAIRD OF GOWRIE

The Laird of Gowrie will *tom-orr-ow* come (25, 8)
 To S-altcoats, t-ow-n in Ayr-shire, from the Isle of Rum,
 (43, 8, 47, 4, 37)
 With Betsy, Amy, Tom and Carol-ine, (34, 42, 25, 11, 22)
 The third his son, a boy of ten or nine, (30)
 Th-e ot-h-er three his daughters, tall and s-pare-(40r, 48, part 20)
 Sis-ters with skin-s of cream and d-ee-p, red hair. (29, 21, 44d, 45)

II

The *laird*, a soldi-er when Victoria was queen, (17, 48)
 For ag-es now *unmilitary* had been; (33a, 35d, 9)
Cadaverous through eating *margarine* (7d, 1a)
 Instead of butt-er; featur-es *aquiline*, (48, 35d, 3)
 With ey-es *au-ster*, as *pen-et*rant and keen (35a, 28)
 As when he was a soldi-er of the queen. (48)

III

The *laird* (he was *eter*-nally hard up) (17, 39)
 In orde-r t-hat his family might *sup*, (10r, part 12)
Pawn-ed all he had, his shirt he'd even sent (part 12)
 To Uncle, and his sole in-*tegument* (27)
 Was an old overcoat with many a *ren-t*. (15)
 (His artificial *tegument*, of cour-se (27, 19)
 I mean, though as an *epithet* the force (11, 6)
 Of artificial's strained to such a stage, it
 Would take a *taseom-eter* to gauge it.) (31-39)

IV

The *laird*, whos-e *merit* I for one acknowledge, (17, 26)
 Was *supersaturate*-d when at college (53)
 With classic learning, and, to say the least,
 Could tell a trochee from an *anapaest*; (11, 2)
 But classics a-*ren't* so us-eful when you feel (15, 41)
 That nothing *mat*-ters but a good square meal: (1d)
 They brin-g no *mes*-s of pottage when you've felt (16)
 Grea-t *angu*-ish, *Esau*-like, beneath your belt. (14, 35a)
 You can't *rely* on classics, *mar-k* my word, (51, 38)
 When something from the *oven*'s m-uch preferred: (32, 18)
 That *Priam* once was king of Troy, and chub (13)
 'S the same as *chav-end-er*, won't do for grub! (23-44a-48)

V

Criminals are fortunate, for they
 Well-fed in *penitentiaries* stay. (20)
 "I count them happy," said the *laird* to m-e, (7a, 17, 25)
 "It's su-ch a v-ery simple life, you see: (23)
 A *mint* of money's saved, you must agree, (24)
 When you've been *seize*-d by some benign P.C. (49, 46)

VI

So *prac*-tical a view of doing time (36)
 Would only cause *conti-nuanc*e of crime; (5)
 So, ere I close the *faucet* (turn the tap) (33d)
 One final word I've got to say (*verb. sap*.)
 I'd rather you did not a single clue lose,
 So make an *end* by mentioning the Zu-lu-s. (44a, 50-52)

RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD No. IX

The winner is Miss D. Wilkes, 24 Birchwood Avenue,
 Muswell Hill, No.10, who has chosen for her prize Flaubert's
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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 493

First of our Thirty-seventh Quarter

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, September 17)

"A TALE" BY ROBERT BURNS, STERN SCOTIA'S PRIDE.
 LANDOR'S LAMENT FOR ONE WHO EARLY DIED.

1. He does the double shuffle with the thimble and the pea.
2. Curtail it: look around you just as far as you can see.
3. The martlet builds beneath them and their heart a welcome speaks.
4. It's me the traveller calls for when the fastest train he seeks.
5. The core of what those burglars carried off from my abode.
6. Here many little birdies may be suitably bestowed
7. With the help of this contrivance we can tell the time of day.
8. To pick it gives no pleasure, for it's neither sweet nor gay.
9. You may see one gaping at you from any Gothic fane.
10. For this, the Scripture tells us, there surely is a vein.

Solution of Acrostic No. 491

H a Benaria¹ 1 *Habenaria bifolia* is the Butterfly-
 pl err Ot² orchis.
 G ridiro N 2 *Pierrot* is a familiar name for a
 H istoria N sparrow in France.
 L adysh Ip 3 "Those greatest wasters of time in the
 A irplan E world, the novels that are not worth
 N ove L³ reading (say ninety-nine out of every
 Decrepitue⁴ hundred)."
 M adra S⁵ G. B. Shaw's "Guide to Socialism."
 A zrae L⁶ 4 Last scene of all,
 Recitativ E That ends this strange eventful
 tY rann Y history,
 Is second childishness and mere
 oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,
 sans everything.
 As You Like It, ii, 7.
 5 Madras had been captured by Labour-
 donnais, but was restored to the English
 Company on the conclusion of peace.
 (See Macaulay's "Lord Clive.")
 6 Azrael is the Mohammedan angel of
 death. The mediæval "Dance of Death"
 is well known.

ACROSTIC No. 491.—No correct solution was received. *Dotage* is accepted for *Light 8*, but *Decease* and *Demise* entirely miss the Literary allusion.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Carlton, Clam, Fossil, Gay, Jeff, Lilian, Madge, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Shrub, Sisyphus, Stucco, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ali, Barberry, E. Barrett, Maud Bates, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Bertram R. Carter, Maud Crowther, Estela, Farsdon, Glamis, T. Hartland, Miss E. Hearnden, Iago, Miss Kelly, Martha, Lady Mottram, Penelope, Peter, Shorwell, St. Ives, Mrs. Mouldale Williams. All others more.

Light 8 baffled 43 solvers; Light 3, 21; Light 11, 21; Light 10, 9; Light 5, 2; Light 1, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 490.—Correct: Alphin. Two Lights wrong, Stucco.

Our 36th Quarterly Competition.—Boskerris, 5 points down after Round Ten—inadvertently omitted. Madge, 2 points down; Ali, 3.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE opening of a new session of Parliament with a National Government in office has been awaited in the City, as elsewhere, with considerable anxiety. Business on the Stock Exchange has been brought almost to a standstill, and all eyes at the moment are focussed on the plans which the new Government have evolved for dealing with the financial and economic crisis with which the country is faced. The most important of these is, of course, the balancing of the Budget, because it is by this means that a start can be made in the restoration of confidence both at home and abroad. It must not, however, be imagined that this is the sole task of the new Government. An unbalanced Budget is merely a symptom of disorder, and with the symptom correctly diagnosed and properly treated a step forward will be made in restoring the nation once more to a healthy convalescence. Moreover, nowhere more than in the City is it recognized that the task of re-establishing confidence in sterling will be a tedious one, and that many anxious months must elapse before it can be truly said that all the dangers in the situation have been removed. Of paramount importance in this connexion is the revival of industry, for until we are again in the position of balancing our necessarily large imports of food and raw material by an adequate volume of exports of goods and services, the stability of the pound sterling must continue to be precarious. It is believed that the new Government are fully alive to the situation and that every possible means will be taken to remedy past mistakes and set the nation once more on the high road to prosperity. In these endeavours they will have the whole-hearted support and co-operation of the City.

ENCOURAGING

As soon as it became definitely known that the Government had no intention of imposing a special tax on fixed interest-bearing securities new heart was put into the market for investment stocks, which had been unduly depressed by rumours that such an impost was under consideration. There are a vast number of securities in this category, and they are held by rich and poor alike. The amount of capital involved is colossal, and the fall in prices that has occurred has meant heavy loss to a large section of the community. The removal of this menace is, therefore, all to the good. It affects Government stocks, railway prior charges, and industrial Preference and Debenture issues. Many of the latter have sunk to levels which make them very attractive at the present time, and the discriminating investor would do well to consider the merits of some of these for permanent investment purposes.

ARGENTINE RAILWAY DEBENTURES

Mention was made in these notes a fortnight ago of the merits of Argentine Railway prior-charge issues as permanent investment counters. Now that uncertainty is dispelled regarding a possible extra tax on such issues, the cheapness of some of the leading securities in this section becomes more apparent. For instance, the 4 per cent. Debenture stock of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway is obtainable around 67, with interest accrued as from July 1. Allowing for this, a yield of exactly 6 per cent. is shown. On the figures available for the year to June 1930 (the latest issued), interest on this stock was covered four times, and although the past year's results to be issued shortly

may prove less favourable, the margin of safety is still likely to be large. The 4 per cent. Debenture stock of the Central Argentine Railway is even better secured, being covered by last year's revenue about five times. The price of this stock is 65½, and the yield works out at 6½ per cent. Cheaper still is the 4 per cent. Debenture stock of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway, which at 64½ yields 6½ per cent. The reason for this is that the company recently passed its Ordinary dividend. Nevertheless, the Debenture issues may be regarded as quite safe investments.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Owing to present market conditions and absence of buyers, there has been a somewhat sharp set-back in the price of Canadian Pacific Railway 4 per cent. Preference stock on a little selling by timid holders. This affords an opportunity to investors to acquire a really sound security on advantageous terms. The quotation is in the neighbourhood of 67 x.d., so that the yield afforded is approximately 6 per cent. The stock enjoys a free market and is well secured, the 4 per cent. dividend being covered by last year's earnings about seven times. True it is that traffics continue to show a heavy decline this year, but, inasmuch as the company is still earning and paying a substantial dividend on \$335,000,000 of Common shares which come after the Preference stock, the margin of safety remains large.

PINCHIN JOHNSON

Attention has been drawn in these notes in the past to the 10s. Ordinary shares of Pinchin Johnson & Company, Limited, varnish, colour, paint and enamel manufacturers, and mention is made of them now because of their relative cheapness. For some years dividends of 30 per cent. were forthcoming with added bonuses from time to time. Last year, owing to a slight drop in profits, coupled with a larger amount of Ordinary capital ranking, the dividend was reduced to 22½ per cent. I am hopeful that this dividend will be maintained, and that in course of time the company will return to its former level of prosperity. The 10s. shares are obtainable at about 23s. 9d. x.d., whereas at one time this year they were standing at 38s., while the highest point touched last year was 2½.

POWER SECURITIES CORPORATION

The recent issue at a premium of 300,000 new Ordinary shares by the Power Securities Corporation adds to the intrinsic merits of this company's £1 Participating Preference shares, which are obtainable at around 25s. The position of these shares is interesting. They are entitled to a cumulative dividend of 7 per cent., and to a further ½ per cent. (non-cumulative) for every 1 per cent. paid in excess of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary up to a maximum of 10 per cent. per annum, and to priority for capital with a bonus of 5 per cent. before the repayment of the Ordinary shares. Now, as regards the fixed Preference dividend, this was covered by last year's profits three times, and as on this basis the immediate yield is over 5½ per cent., the shares look attractive, apart altogether from their participating rights. These may eventually prove of value. At the moment the Ordinary shareholders are getting 7 per cent., but as the average earnings on the Ordinary for the last four years were equivalent to double this rate of distribution, there seems to be a fair chance that within a reasonable period they will receive appreciably more, and that the preference dividend will be raised.

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